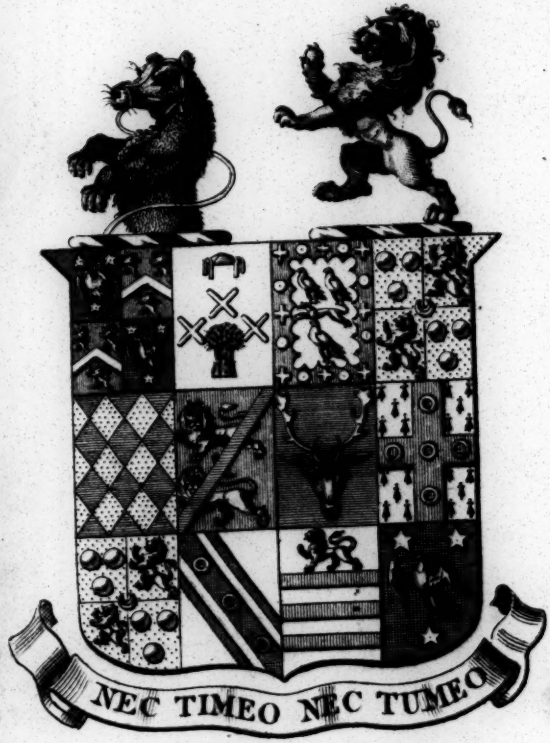

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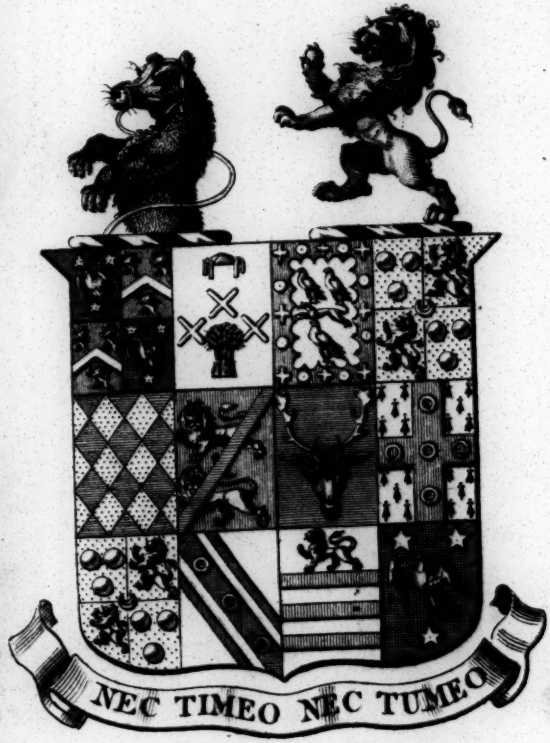

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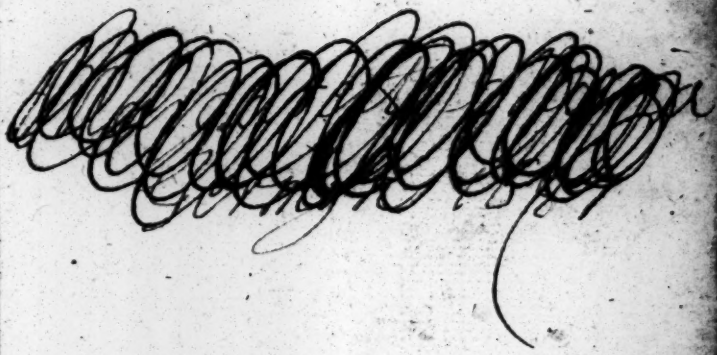

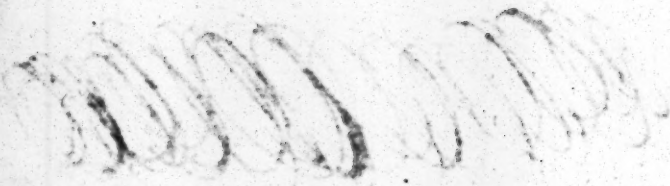

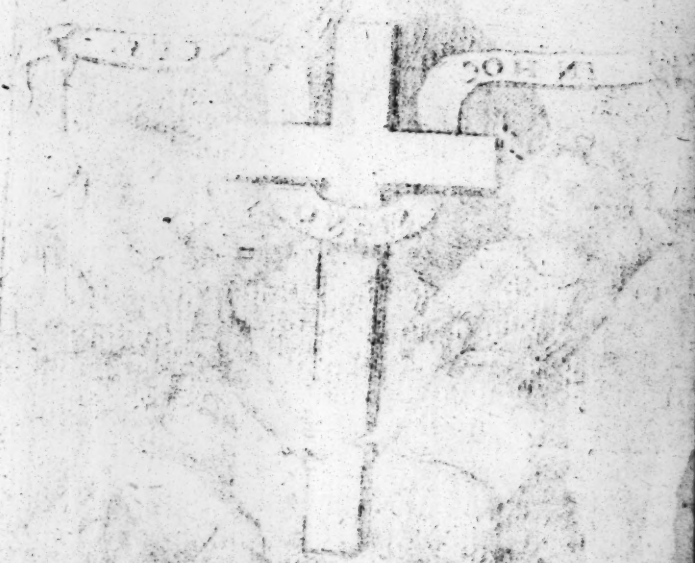

Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a signe which shal be spoken against. Luc̄. 2. 34.

Maria THE Jermyn

Fire of the Altar:

Or, Certain

DIRECTIONS

HOW TO

Raiſe the *Soul* into *Holy Flames*, Before, At, and After the Receiving the Bleſſed Sacrament of the

LORDS SUPPER.

With ſuitable *Prayers* & *Devotions.*

To which is prefix'd

A DIALOGUE betwixt a *Chriſtian* and his own *Conſcience*, concerning

The True *Nature* of the

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Intended chiefly for the Inhabitants of St. *Mary le Strand*, and the Precinct of the *Savoy.*

The Fourth Edition.

By Anthony Horneck, D. D.

London, Printed for *Samuel Lownds*, over againſt *Exeter-Exchange* in the *Strand*. M DC LXXXVIII.

DIRECTIONS

To my Beloved *Pariſhioners*, the Inhabitants of St. *Mary le Strand*, and the *Precinct* of the *Savoy*.

THough I intend you a larger Treatiſe upon the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, by the Name and Title of The CRUCIFIED JESUS: Yet I was willing to let theſe Directions come forth, to prepare your Hearts for thoſe larger Meditations; not but that there are Books enough already write upon this Subject, and by abler Pens too: But you having, for ſome years paſt, known my Converſation, my Temper, my Exhortations, and my manner of Speaking, and Writing; I thought ſomething of this nature might be more uſeful to you, than other more elaborate Lucubrations. There

is nothing I am more afraid of, than that the generality of you, both young and old, either have not, or will not have, right apprehenſions of that Chriſtian Religion, you profeſs; Some being apt to place it in a careleſs, cuſtomary Belief of the Doctrine; Some in leaving a few notorious Sins; Others in ſaying their Prayers; Others in doing no body wrong; Others again in having good deſires, and pious inclinations. All which Opinions are notorious miſtakes of the Nature and Temper of Chriſtianity, which imports a change of Nature, Diſpoſition, and acting contrary to the Humors, Paſſions, Manners, Cuſtoms, and Deportment of the World: And this is it I muſt ſee, and perceive in you, before I can conclude, that my pains and labors among you have not been in vain.

Brethren, *my Hearts Deſire and Prayer to God for you, is, That you may be ſaved. I will aſſure you, this is no Complement, no form of Speech, no*

Words

Words in course; but the ardent Wish of my Soul, and my fervent Prayers Day and Night: This is the desire of my Soul in private, and in publick: For this I fill my Mouth with Arguments to that God who heareth Prayers, even then when you do not think of me: For this I study, and take pains, and am willing to spend myself, and to be spent; and your Salvation is the great Object of my care: For this end I venture your Anger, and caress your Love: For this end I walk blameless among you, and am tender of your welfare: For this end I reprove, and exhort, and entreat you, and run, and spend my breath, and all, that you may be saved.

I am not ignorant of the Devils devices; I am sensible of the Nature of Sin, how apt it is to deceive you; and though I am not with you in all places, I see, by the effects, how the Enemy of your Souls deals with you, and what will be the issue of a careless Life. I consider the shrieks of the Damn'd in

Hell, and would fain keep you from that dangerous Gulph. I ſee you ſtand upon the brink of Deſtruction, and cannot forbear calling to you, O do your ſelves no harm! *The greateſt kindneſs you can do me, the greateſt gratitude you can expreſs, the greateſt civility and reſpect you can ſhew me, is, to do according to the wholſome Counſels I do give you: Whatever Conſtructions ſome of you may put upon theſe Adjurations, the Searcher of all hearts knows this to be true, That I would rejoyce in nothing ſo much, as in your Obedience to the Goſpel.*

I would fain rejoyce with you in the Great Day of the Lord Jeſus: I would fain ſee you Glorious Saints in the Everlaſting Manſions: I would fain ſee you ſhine as Stars in the Firmament of Heaven: I would ſee you triumph with Angels, ſing with Cherubim, *and joyn the Celeſtial Quire in Eternal Praiſes. Think what a diſmal ſight it will be in that day, to ſee ſome of you weeping and howling in*

the

the burning Lake, that might have feaſted with the Son of God, in his Fathers Kingdom. We that meet together in the Church Militant here, What a Happy, What a Glorious ſight would it be, to meet all in the Church Triumphant, when theſe Bodies do drop from us!

It is no ſmall grief to me, to ſee ſome of you, who have lived for ſome years under my Miniſtry, given to the ſame ſins and inordinate deſires, as Drunkenneſs, Swearing, Lying, Cheating, Diſſembling, Malice, Wrath, Hatred, Paſſion, Careleſneſs and Neglect of the Lord's Supper, Quarrelling, fooliſh Jeſting, filthy Talk, Frothineſs, Pride, Uncleanneſs, &c. they were formerly enamoured with: Certainly this muſt be an Argument againſt you in that day, when God ſhall judge the ſecrets of Men, by the Everlaſting Goſpel. O let's not be forced to complain of you, that we would have healed you, and you would not be healed. To this end I beſeech you.

1. *To make the Rules in the following Treatise familiar to you. There is nothing in it, but what you'll find exactly agreeable to that Word, on which you build your Faith. By making them familiar to you, I do not only mean getting them by Heart, but applying yourselves to the serious practice of them, till you get a habit of those Virtues. A single act now and then, when you are in a Religious humour, will do no good; but you must labor at them so long, till they come to be incorporated with your Spirits, and mingle with your Complexion, and Constitution.*

2. *To oblige your Children, and Servants to learn these Rules without Book, and to admonish them to try, and see, whether they observe them in their Behaviour and Conversation; to ask them often, Whether their Actions are agreeable to these Rules, and whether they are not afraid of losing Gods favour, by neglecting so great Salvation?*

But then you must shew them a good Example; for all your Exhortations will be but Wind, while you do not express the possibility of living up to these Rules in your own Lives. Your Example will make these Christian Virtues amiable, and your Practice must shew that you believe them necessary. And Oh! how comfortable will it be upon your Death-beds, and what joy will this testimony of your Conscience cause, that in Godly Simplicity and Sincerity, not according to fleshly Wisdom, but according to the Grace of God, you have had your Conversation in the World? God will love you, even he, whose loving kindness is better than life itself: His Love will close your Eyes: His Love will whisper the glad tidings of Happiness in your Ears: His Love will be your Guide through the Shadow and Valley of Death; and this Love will see you safe within the Gates of a Bles-

a Bleſſed Eternity. Which Love that it may become your Portion and Inheritance, is, and ſhall be, the hearty Wiſh and Prayer of

Your faithful Friend, and

Miniſter in *Chriſt Jeſus*,

A. HORNECK.

THE

THE TRUE NATURE OF THE *Christian Religion*, IN

A Dialogue betwixt a *Christian* and his own *Conscience*.

Conscience.

ROuze, rouze, thy self, and awake, thou slumbring Sinner, and think, what that Religion means thou dost profess; and tell me ingenuously, What it is to be a *Christian*?

Christian. It is not only to profess the Doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, but also to live, as he lived; to have the same Mind and Spirit

Spirit in me, that was in Him; to act upon the great Principle of an unseen everlasting Glory; and to neglect all things, rather than the Salvation of my Immortal Soul, *John* 15. 10. *Phil.* 2. 5. *Matth.* 16. 26. *Heb.* 12. 1, 2.

Consc. Hast thou a Soul, that's in a possibility of being either Eternally Happy, or Eternally Miserable?

Christ. I have, for my Soul certainly is not of the same nature with my Body, but is a Spiritual Substance, Rational, and Intelligent as Angels are, and therefore Incorruptible; and signally differs from Beasts, being capable of obeying and disobeying God; *Matt.* 10. 28. *Psal.* 32. 9. *Rev.* 22. 8, 9 *Isa.* 1. 19. 20.

Consc. What if thy Soul be capable of obeying and disobeying God, doth that make it either Happy, or Miserable?

Christ. Yes, certainly: For to the Obedient, God hath faithfully promised Eternal Life, and Glory, when they leave this world; and to the Disobedient, He hath peremptorily threatned everlasting Anguish, and Torment, *Rom.* 2. 6, 7, 8. *Heb.* 5. 9. 2 *Thess.* 1. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Consc. What must thou do then to be saved?

Christ. I must necessarily obey the Precepts

cepts and Commands of my Lord and Master, and Saviour *Christ Jesus*, which he hath delivered, and enjoyn'd either with his own Mouth, or by his Apostles, *John* 14. 15, 21. *John* 15. 14. 1 *Thess.* 4. 1.

Consc. What Precepts are those thou art bound to obey in order to be saved?

Christ. 1. I must necessarily curb mine Anger and Passion, and be very Meek to all Men in my Speeches, Answers, and Actions; gentle, and not much concern'd under any Affront, or Injury done to my Person; or when any thing is said, or done, which displeaseth me; and be ready to forgive, and forget all Injuries.

I must not revile, when I am reviled; nor give ill Language to them that reproach me, nor revenge myself when it lies in my power; nor call Men Fools, and Rogues, upon trivial occasions.

I must so far love mine Enemies, as to do good to them that hate me, if they either desire or want it; bless them that curse me, and pray for them that use me ill, *Matth.* 5. 22, 44. *Titus* 3. 2. *Rom.* 12. 17, 19. 1 *Peter* 2. 21, 23.

2. I must be very humble, and have low and mean Thoughts of Myself, and of my Worth, Knowledge, Fortune, Dignity, Riches,

Riches, Means, and Condition in the World.

I muſt, when I addreſs myſelf to God in Prayer, or Praiſes, be very vile and baſe in my own ſight, and be aſhamed to lift up my Eyes and Hands to God.

I muſt eſteem other Men, in whom I ſee any Goodneſs, better than myſelf.

I muſt not commend myſelf, nor take it ill, if other People do not; nor be fond of Worldly Reſpect and Honor, but muſt be Civil, Courteous, and obliging even to the Meaneſt, and Pooreſt; and regard the Honor that comes of God, more than the Honor which comes of Men. *Matt.* 11.29. *Mark* 10. 15. *John* 5. 44. *Gal.* 5. 26. 2 *Sam.* 6. 22.

3. I muſt be kind and tender-hearted, and compaſſionate, and love to do good to my Neighbour, either by good Advice, and Counſel; or Reproof, if he go on in any known Sin; or by my Means, and Money and Goods, if he be in want; or by my Labor and Induſtry, if I can do no more, according as my ability, and his neceſſity require: And if I know none, muſt ſeek out Objects, upon whom, and to whom I may do good, *Gal.* 6. 6, 9, 10. *Tim.* 2. 1. 17.

4. I

4. I muſt ſhun all foreſeen and known occaſions of Evil.

If, by looking on a Man or Woman, any diſhoneſt Luſt, or Deſire, riſe in me, I muſt cruſh it, and look upon that Perſon no more: I muſt not go into company, where I am certain I ſhall be tempted, and drawn into Sin; whether it be Drunkenneſs, or Swearing, or Paſſion, or frothy or filthy Talk, or the like.

I muſt not touch any thing, that would raiſe any inordinate Appetite in me; and muſt forbear gaudy Cloathing, and other external Ornaments, if they prove temptations to Pride or Loftineſs, and Vanity of Spirit, *Matt.* 5. 28, 29, 30. 1 *Tim.* 2. 9. 1 *Pet.* 3. 3, 4.

5. I muſt labour to be very patient under any temporal Afflictions, whether Sickneſs, or Loſſes, or other Croſſes and Diſappointments; and neither murmur, nor repine, becauſe God my Heavenly Father ſends it; and hath promiſed, That if I love Him, to turn all theſe Troubles unto my unſpeakable good; and deſigns an infinite recompence in Heaven, for my Patience, *Jam.* 5. 7. *Rom.* 8. 28. *Heb.* 12. 7, 8, 9.

6. I muſt ſtudy great Simplicity in my Thoughts, Words, Actions, Garb, Cloaths,

Cloaths, Furniture, Houſes, Meat, Drink, and the like, and avoid all things that may put a ſtop to my progreſs in a Spiritual Life; and particularly, all ſuch Recreations, as may dull and damp good things in me, or bring upon me an averſion from that goodneſs and ſimplicity, which was in Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and the Primitive Chriſtians, 2 *Cor.* 1. 12. *Matt.* 10. 16. *Phil.* 2. 15. 1 *Theſſ.* 5. 22.

7. I muſt in all places, where ever I am, watch over my Thoughts and Speeches, and Expreſſions, and Actions, becauſe God hears, and ſees me, and is every where preſent; and take heed, that neither any Temporal Profit, nor Pleaſure, nor the Favour of Men, make me ſay, or do, or comply with any thing that is ſinful, and I ſuſpect to be ſo, *Pſal.* 139. 1, 2, 3 4. *Matth.* 12. 36. *Col.* 4. 6. 1 *Theſſ.* 4. 4, 5, 6. *Acts* 5. 29.

8. I muſt not uſe equivocations, or mental reſervations, when I ſpeak, or take an Oath; or promiſe any thing, or make a Bargain, nor tell a Lie wittingly or wilfully, though I might gain all the Riches of the World, or could ſave my life by it; but ſpeak the Truth when ever I think fit to ſpeak, or give an anſwer, let the inconvenience be what it will, or the dan-

danger never so great, *Ephes.* 4. 28. 1 *Pet.* 3. 15.

9. I must take special notice of the various dealings of God with my Soul and Body, and praise, and admire him for those Providences, whether Spiritual or Temporal, as many as come within my cognisance.

I must praise him when I rise, when I lie down, when I sit up, when I walk, when I eat or drink, or get any lawful gain, or Men are kind and favourable to me, *Es.* 5. 11, 12. *Psal.* 105. 5. *Matt.* 6. 26, 27, 28. 1 *Cor.* 10. 31. 1 *Thess.* 5. 18.

10. I must do the same kindnesses, favours and services to other Men, which I would have other Men, who are in such circumstances, do to me, and therefore I must be charitable, just, honest, faithful, sincere in all my dealings with them, and put a good construction on their doubtful actions, because I would have them be so, and do so to me, *Matt.* 7. 12. 1 *Cor.* 13. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Rom.* 13. 7, 8, 9.

11. According to the condition, calling, or relation I am in, I must discharge my duty belonging to that calling, condition, or relation, with very great conscientiousness; as a Servant, I must be faithful and respectful to my Master or Mistress;

ſtreſs; as a Son or Daughter, very tender of my Parents welfare, credit, and command; as a Subject, obedient and loyal to the King, and thoſe who are in Authority under him, in all lawful things; as a Member of a publick Church, careful to preſerve its peace and unity; as a Husband, or Wife, loving, kind, and amiable to my yoke fellow; and in the lawful calling God hath placed me in, diligent and induſtrious. 1 *Pet.* 2. 13, 14, 18. *Eph.* 6. 1, 4, 5. *Col.* 3. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. *Col.* 4. 1. *Rom.* 12. 11.

12. I muſt delight to think of God, and delight to ſpeak of Spiritual things, and delight to do the Will of God; and delight in all theſe, and in other good Works, more than in the gaudes, pomp, glory, and vanity of this preſent World.

I muſt uſe the World, as if I uſed it not; and be very indifferent, whether I have much of the Worlds Goods or no: And my chief Aim and Deſign muſt be to get a Share in God's everlaſting Kingdom. *Matth.* 6. 33. 1 *Cor.* 7. 29, 30, 31. *Pſal.* 112. 1. *Pſal.* 139. 17. *Pſal.* 119. 72.

Conſc. Why art thou obliged to do all this, in order to Salvation?

Chriſt. Partly, becauſe God, my Supreme Governour, expreſly commands theſe

theſe things to be done; partly, becauſe Eternal Happineſs is promiſed to none but ſuch as in good earneſt apply themſelves to the performance of them; partly, becauſe infinite Glory is a thing of that conſequence, that it deſerves theſe pains, and this excellent temper; partly, becauſe the Love of God to me is ſo great, that I can do no leſs in common gratitude, *Matth.* 5. 20. *Matth.* 19. 17. *Luke* 13. 24. 2 *Cor.* 5. 14.

Conſc. What is that mighty Love of God, that challenges ſuch gratitude?

Chriſt. When with the reſt of Mankind I was loſt, and undone in my firſt Parents, deprived of all hopes of Mercy and Pardon and Salvation; the Eternal Son of God, to reſtore me to God's Favour, and to make me capable of Pardon, and Eternal Salvation, took my Nature upon him, became Man, ſuffered and died for me; and having by his death purchaſed this Pardon and Salvation for me, offers me theſe Mercies upon condition of obeying the aforeſaid Precepts, *John* 3. 16. *Rom.* 5. 17, 21. 2 *Cor.* 5. 19.

Conſc. But what if thou haſt not obeyed theſe Precepts of the Goſpel, is there any remedy or hopes to recover the favour of God?

Chriſt. I muſt neceſſarily repent of my Diſobedience with all ſpeed; and make it my buſineſs for the future, to live up to thoſe Rules, in deſpight of all commands and allurements from Men to the contrary: And upon this Repentance, ſincere Reſolution, and earneſt endeavours to obey them, I may certainly hope for Pardon and Salvation, becauſe he hath promiſed it. *Matth.* 11. 28, 29. *Eſ.* 55. 7. *Joel* 2. 12, 13, 14.

Conſc. But is it poſſible, doſt thou think, for any Man to obey, and live up to theſe Precepts?

Chriſt. If it were not poſſible for me to obey them, I cannot imagine why God ſhould peremptorily require it of me: And therefore I may certainly ſo far obey them, as not to act wittingly or wilfully, or deliberately againſt them; and ſo perform them, as to make them the ſetled Rule of my Thoughts, Deſires, Words, and Actions, if I will but uſe the means, God hath preſcribed in order to this Holy Obedience, *Matth.* 25. 26, 27. 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. 1 *Joh.* 5. 3.

Conſc. What are thoſe means, whereby this Holy Obedience may be attained?

Chriſt. They are Eight, 1. Conſideration

on

on and Thinking. 2. Earnest Prayer for the assistance of God's Grace and Spirit. 3. Diligent Hearing and Reading the Word of God. 4. Asking Advice, and consulting with faithful Ministers of the Gospel. 5. Self-Examination. 6. A right apprehension of the Nature of God, and of Spiritual things. 7. Humbling the Soul with Fasting. 8. A Conscientious use of the Two Sacraments, the Son of God hath instituted, and ordained.

Consc. How is Consideration, and Thinking to be managed?

Christ. I must seriously, and frequently retire, and think with myself, that surely God's promises and threatnings will be fulfilled; that upon the moment of my death, there depends Eternity; and what a sad and forlorn condition I should be in, should Eternal anguish seize on my Soul, when it leaves this World; and though God be patient, yet he will not be mocked; that there is no Soul in Hell at this time, but would be glad to obey God, if they might be freed, and tried once more here on Earth; that a work of that concern is not to be neglected for trifles; that my Death is very uncertain, and a Death-bed is no place or time to bring myself to a habit of Obedience, *Deut.*

32.

32. 29. *Pſal.* 90. 12. *Pſal.* 50. 22.

Conſc. What is the nature of Prayer, and earneſt begging for Grace and aſſiſtance of God's Spirit?

Chriſt. I muſt take care, that my Heart and Mind do pray as well as my Lips; I muſt be ſenſible of what I pray for, and fix my Thoughts upon God in Prayer, and earneſtly long for his Grace and Mercy, and be importunate with him, pray often, and with fervour, like a Perſon that am concern'd at the danger I am in; I muſt watch againſt wandring Thoughts, or expel them when they come in; and my Soul muſt eſteem and prize the Grace of God, and aſſiſtance of God's Spirit, above all the advantages of the World, and be reſtleſs till I get it, and take notice how God hears and anſwers my Prayers, *Joh.* 4. 24. *Pſal.* 66. 18. *Pſal.* 63. 1. *Pſal.* 16. 8.

Conſc. What doſt thou mean by diligent Hearing and Reading of the Word of God?

Chriſt. When I read or hear it, I muſt read and hear it with attention, and reſolution, to know God's Will, that I may do it: Before I read and hear it, I muſt beg of God to enlighten me, and to imprint thoſe good Leſſons, I ſhall hear or read,

read, upon my Soul, and to make them effectual to me; I muſt apply the general Commands I read and hear, to mine own Soul; and believe, that what God commands all Men, as Chriſtians and Believers, he commands me in particular. I muſt watch againſt worldly Thoughts in reading, and hearing; and remember, I do ſin, if I do not mind what I read or hear, *Luk* 8. 18. *Mark* 4. 24. *Joh.* 5. 39. *Pſal.* 119. 18.

Conſc. In what manner muſt thou ask advice of faithful Miniſters of the Goſpel?

Chriſt. I muſt go to thoſe who are very ſerious, or ſend for any of them, and ask them about the ſtate and condition of my Soul; and what I muſt do to ſecure God's Favour; how I muſt go about the great work of Salvation; and beg their direction in performing the Will of God; and acquaint them how it is with me; what Temptations I am ſubject too, and what Corruptions I am inclined to: And intreat them to tell me, how to be rid of them, and oblige them to help me with their Prayers, and encourage me to a vigorous perſuit of the everlaſting Riches; and when I have done ſo, muſt follow their Advice and Counſel, *Acts* 16. 30, 31, 32. *Mark* 10. 17. *Phil.* 3. 17.

Conſc. And what is to be done with Self-Examination?

Chriſt. I muſt frequently look into my Thoughts, Words, and Actions, and ſee whether they are agreeable to the Rules of the Goſpel, every night I muſt take an account of myſelf, and conſider what I have been doing in the day time; whether I have not told a Lye, deceiv'd no body, broke forth into no paſſion, done Good, reſiſted Temptations, been often with God in Prayer, taken notice of God's Providences, *&c.* that, where I have done amiſs, I may watch againſt it the next day; and where I have done well, I may admire the Goodneſs of God, and praiſe him for it, *Pſal.* 4. 4. 2 *Cor.* 13. 5. *Lam.* 3. 40.

Conſc. What apprehenſions muſt thou have of God, and Spiritual things?

Chriſt. I muſt believe,

1. That God is a Spirit Omnipreſent, Omniſcient, infinitely Good, and Wiſe, and Holy, and Juſt, and will be a Rewarder to them that diligently ſeek him; and puniſh the Diſobedient, either here, or hereafter, or both here and hereafter, *Heb.* 11. 6. 2 *Theſſ.* 1. 6, 7. *Pſal.* 58. 11. *Pſal.* 50. 21.

2. That this God is our Supreme Governor,

vernor, and hath revealed himself to be Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and that there is some resemblance of these Three in One in the Sun, in which is the Light, and Heat, and Beam, which Three make but one Sun, 1 *John* 5. 7. *Matth.* 28. 19. 2 *Cor.* 13. 14.

3. That all mankind fell in *Adam*, the first Man, and by that fall, moved God to withdraw his Love and Favour from them; and that God the Son, in commiseration to our Nature, became Man of the Virgin *Mary*, suffered and died, and by his Death, rendred God the Father, or rather the whole Trinity, kind and propitious to us, and willing to receive us into Favour, and to give us Pardon, and everlasting Life, upon the conditions of Repentance and unfeigned Obedience; and therefore justly called Christ Jesus, *i. e.* the Anointed Saviour, *Rom.* 5. 8, 9. 10. *Gal.* 4. 4, 5. *Matth.* 1. 21.

4. That the Scripture, where all this is revealed, is the Word of God; because the Men who revealed this in Scripture, were inspired by the Holy Ghost, and in confirmation of it, wrought true Miracles, Miracles level'd against the power of Sin, and impossible to be done by human

ſtrength: The truth of which Miracles hath been conveyed down to Poſterity, by multitudes of Eye witneſſes, and from them received by all Chriſtian People, *Heb.* 2. 1, 2, 3, 4.

5. That the Promiſes and Threatnings of the Goſpel will infallibly be fulfilled ſooner or later, becauſe God cannot lie, *Tit.* 1. 2.

6. That our Soul is not our Breath, nor our Blood, nor the Spirits of our Blood, but a Spiritual Subſtance, able to live, and act without this groſs Body we carry about us; and will immediately, upon leaving this Body, be obliged to appear before God, and to give him an account of its good and evil Works; and according to the prevalency or predominancy of either be made ſenſible of the Sentence of Abſolution, or Condemnation, which ſhall be pronounced at the Day of Judgment, *Luke* 16. 22, 23.

7. That at the end of this World, there will be a ſolemn day of Judgment, wherein the Bodies of all Men ſhall riſe, and be re-united to their Souls; and their Thoughts, Words, and Actions be brought to light, and judged, and Sentence ſolemnly pronounced; and the Good commanded to take poſſeſſion of

Eternal Joys, and the Bad to go into Everlasting Torments, 2 *Cor.* 5. 10. *Matth.* 25. 31, 46.

8. That God requires no more of us, than we do of our Children, and Servants, and that's *Love*; and that this *Love*, if it be true, and hearty, must necessarily discover itself in Repentance, and sorrow for offending him, and a sincere endeavour to please and obey him for the future, *Luk.* 6. 46. *Malach.* 1. 6.

9. That though by Nature we are generally more prone to Evil than to Good, and have a stronger Byas to Sin than Righteousness: Yet God the Holy Ghost, by his power and influences, will certainly assist, and help us to abhor that which is Evil, and to cleave to that which is Good; if so be, that by earnest Prayer, Fasting, and Meditation, we long, and breath for his Help and Influences, *Luke* 11. 13.

10. That all the Service I offer to God, must be performed with my Mind, Will and Affections, or with my Inward Man, and with my Heart; and that without my Mind have the greatest share in the Service, it is insignificant, and rejected by God, *Prov.* 23. 26. *Matth.* 22. 37.

11. That by Believing in Scripture,

for the moſt part, is meant nothing but Obeying; and that he who obeys not the Precepts of the Goſpel, doth not believe that they are either Divine, or neceſſary to be obeyed, or that the Goſpel is infallibly true, *Acts* 6. 7. *Heb.* 11. 24, 25, 26. 2 *Theſſ.* 1. 11.

12. That that frame of Spirit, which fits a Man for Eternal Happineſs, is neither a cuſtomary frequenting the Ordinances of God, nor ſhunning the groſſer Sins and Vices of the Age we live in; nor being Maſter of a ſingle Virtue; but a Spiritual temper of Mind, which puts us upon doing all that's neceſſary to be done in order to Salvation, *Rom.* 8. 5, 6, 9, 10.

Conſc. What are the Rules to be obſerved in humbling the Soul with Faſting?

Chriſt. I muſt frequently, as often as my ſtrength will bear it, give myſelf to Faſting and Prayer; and on thoſe Faſts, wreſtle with God for growth in Grace, and ſtrength againſt thoſe Sins I am moſt prone and inclined to, and greater courage againſt Temptations.

I muſt give Alms on that day, for the refreſhing of ſome poor Member of Chriſt; and ſpend the Day in Supplications, and contemplations of my Sins, and of

of the Wrath of God, I have deserved, and of Gods Mercy to penitent Sinners in Christ Jesus, and in Holy Resolutions to be watchful over my Heart for the future, that I may perform those Duties I have formerly neglected, and imitate Holy Men and Women in their Virtuous Practices, *Es.* 58. 6, 7. *Matth.* 6. 17, 18. 1 *Cor.* 7. 5. 1 *Cor.* 9. 27.

Consc. Wherein doth the Conscientious Use of the Holy Sacraments consist?

Christ. In entertaining right and suitable Notions of the nature of these Sacraments, and using them to those ends and purposes, for which they are designed, *Matth.* 6. 22. 1 *Cor.* 10. 31.

Consc. What Notions must thou entertain about these Sacraments?

Christ. 1. That these Sacraments are in the nature of Solemn Vows and Protestations: That I will be faithful to God in Christ Jesus, by the assistance of the Holy Ghost; or in the nature of Covenants, where God and Man do mutually engage themselves one to another; or in the nature of outward visible Signs, whereby some Spiritual thing is represented, *Rom.* 4. 12. *Exod.* 13. 9. 1 *Pet.* 3. 20. 21.

2. That these Sacraments are ordained

and instituted by the Son of God, my Saviour; and that Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord are all the Sacraments, that are either given by Christ to the Church, or need to be receiv'd by the Church of Christ, *Matth.* 28. 19. 1 *Cor.* 11. 23.

3. That Baptism is a significant Ceremony, whereby Children, Men, and Women, are washed with Water; which Washing imports God's Pardon for our Sins, and our Duty to keep ourselves pure from Sin for the future; God promising the one, and we the other, 1 *Pet.* 3. 21. 1 *Cor.* 6. 11.

4. That though Children can make no such Promises, yet it's fit they should be Baptized; because they are part of the Nations which Christ would have Baptized, and are Disciples, and in the Covenant of Grace: And it's enough, that other Persons promise for them as their Guardians; which Promise they are bound to perform, when they come to be of Age, *Acts* 2. 38, 39.

5. That the *Bread* and *Wine* set before the Congregation in the *Sacrament* of the *Lord's Supper*, represents, or puts me in mind of, the Crucified Body and Blood of Christ; or rather of the Benefits of Christ's

Christ's Death, which are, pardon of Sin, and a right to Eternal Bliss: And moreover, assures me, that if I eat and drink in this Sacrament with unfeigned purpose of mind, to make Conscience of whatever Christs commands me, that the Benefits of Christ's Death and Sufferings, *viz.* God's Pardon, and a Right to Everlasting Glory, shall as verily be applied to me, and become one with my Soul, as the *Bread* and *Wine*, which represent these Benefits, become one with my Substance, 1 *Cor.* 10. 16.

6. That coming to the Lord's Supper, is the strongest engagement to a Holy Life; because, I do there personally, freely, and solemnly, remember the death of Christ, and that my sins caused his death; and do protest to allow myself no longer in them, but to imitate *Christ Jesus* in his Meekness, Patience, Humility, Charity, and Goodness, 1 *Cor.* 11. 24, 25.

Consc. How must these Sacraments be used, in order to thy present and everlasting Comfort?

Christ. 1. As to Baptism, I must be baptiz'd but once, because that initiates, and admits me into the fellowship of Christians, and gives me a Right and

Title to the use of the means of Grace; and this need to be done but once: All that is to be done after this, is to keep a good Conscience towards God, and towards Man, in the use of those means, according to the promise made for me when I was washed with Water, *Ephes.* 4. 5.

2. As to the *Supper of the Lord*, that requires my frequent coming; because I stand in need of frequent renewing, not only of my Repentance, and love to God, and charity to my Neighbours; but of the motives and enforcives to these Graces, whereof the remembrance of the love of God in the death of Christ, is the greatest, and most remarkable, 1 *Cor.* 11. 26.

THE

THE
Fire *of the* Altar.
OR,
DIRECTIONS
Concerning the *Worthy Receiving of the* Lords Supper.

CHAP. I.

A preparatory Meditation to bring the Mind into a ſerious frame.

Conſcience.

IS it not fit, O my Soul, thou ſhouldeſt pauſe a little on thy Redeemers Death, before thou goeſt to remember it with the Congregation? There are thoſe Charms in that Death, which, if rightly viewed, will

will be invincible Motives to thee to dye to a ſinful Life, and to embrace the Holy Life of Jeſus.

Shouldſt not thou think? Shouldſt not thou cry?

I.

O, that I had Wings like a Dove, that I might fly away to *Golgotha*, and behold the dreadful Spectacle of God, crucified for the ſins of the Children of Men! A mighty *Myſtery* this! To the *Jews* a Stumbling-block, and to the *Greeks* fooliſhneſs: What all the *Jewiſh Rabbins* could not ſee, what the greateſt Heathen Sages could not find out, that hath God revealed. O God! Thy Ways are not as our Ways, nor are thy Thoughts as our Thoughts. We entertain mean apprehenſions of Thee, ſuch as our narrow Underſtandings yield; but thou loveſt to do all things contrary to the meaſures, we poor Mortals take. This hath been Thy method, ever ſince thou haſt thought fit to plant a Church in the World! Thou didſt ſend *Lot* into *Sodom*, and, contrary to Mens imagination, didſt preſerve him from the infection of that Beaſtly Crew. In the midſt of an Idolatrous

trous Country; Thou didſt bid *Elijah* ſtand up, and declare thy Name to the beſotted *Iſraelites*: A place, where to own the true God, was fatal; and to make mention of thy Worſhip, Hereſie: Where to profeſs thy Faith, was counted madneſs; and not to imitate the Luxury of the Age, a crime unpardonable. Among the wicked men of *Anathoth*, thou didſt ſeparate *Jeremiah* for the Prophetick Office; and in the Land of *Uz* crowded with Pagans and Infidels, gaveſt *Job* a heart to fear thy Providence. Out of *Uz*, the Metropolis of *Chaldean* Superſtition, thou didſt call the Beloved *Abraham*; and vouchſafedſt to him the knowledge of thy Will, in a crooked and perverſe Generation. Thou didſt fill the baſhful *Moſes* with courage to talk to Kings; and a timorous *Aaron*, by thy Order, can controul Atheiſts and Idolaters. Thou loveſt to create a World out of nothing; and to call things that are, out of thoſe which do not appear. Thou loveſt to do things, which to us ſeem impoſſibilities, and when the Fig-tree doth not bloſſom, loveſt to produce moſt pleaſant Fruit. When calamities are become dangerous, and paſt remedy, thou loveſt to ſhew thy healing hand; and when no probabilities of help appear, declareſt

thy

thy Power and Glory. Thou loveſt to bring forth Grapes from Thorns, and Figs from Thiſtles; and out of a barren Soil, or curſed Ground, many times letteſt the richeſt Spices grow. When all Mankind lay in darkneſs, and was covered with the ſhadow of Death;- when Devils plaid about them, and the furies of the burning Lake laid hold of them; When the fiery Dragon was ready to devour them, and the old Serpent going to ſwallow up their Souls; Behold, thy Son appears from Heaven, frights the Powers of Darkneſs, and all Immediately diſappear.

II.

Ah! My deareſt Jeſu! Meekeſt of Kings, and fairer than all the Children of Men! I behold Thee reigning and hanging on the Croſs! Reigning; for in deſpight of all the reproaches of thine Enemies, thou waſt ſtill the everlaſting King, and Saints and Angels bowed to Thee; when thy Body was torn, bruiſed, and wounded on the Tree, their reproaches could not dethrone Thee, their virulent Tongues could not make Thee leſs than thou wert: Theſe impotent wretches might

might bark at the Sun, but could not eclipſe its Glory. Thou couldſt have deſtroy'd their Tongues, but wouldſt not; and it was a Royal act, not to puniſh them, when thou hadſt the greateſt provocations. O my Lord! I ſee Thee blotting out the Hand-Writing, which was againſt me! How red were the Characters! How bloody were the Lines! yet thy Blood makes them as white as Snow.

III.

O my Lord: I hear thy words ſharper than any two-edged Sword, and piercing, to the dividing aſunder of the Bones and Marrow: I hear thy Complaints, I mean, which broke the Rocks, and ſhook the Earth, and ſhall not my heart be moved at them? For Thee, the Son of God, to cry out, *My Soul is exceeding ſorrowful, even unto death!* Who can hear this? Who can think of it, and not ſtand confounded! For Omnipotence to ſink thus! For infinite Perfection to faint thus! For Him that ſat on the Circle of the Earth, and before whom all Nations were as Graſhoppers, for Him thus to ſwoon, thus to weep, thus to mourn! What could be the reaſon? O thou Prince of Peace!

Peace! For the iniquity of thy People, Thou waſt ſtruck; for the ſins of the World, Thou didſt ſuffer baniſhment, and waſt uſed, as if Thou hadſt not been anointed with Oyl, or been guilty of the crimes, Thy Foes accuſed Thee of. The Snares of Death did encompaſs Thee, Thy Friends forſook Thee! and thy Heritage, like a Lion out of the Wood, did roar againſt Thee! O my Bowels, be ye troubled at this remembrance! O my ſlinty Heart, canſt thou ſee thy Lord, as it were, crucified before thine eyes, and not break out into Floods of Tears! O Jeſu! Thou cryeſt to thy Father, and he hears Thee not! He ſeems to be cruel to his Son, and deaf to Thy lamentations! The windows of Heaven ſeem to be ſhut, and a Veil to be drawn over all the Joys and Comforts and Conſolations, that formerly water'd and enrich'd thy Soul! See, how dry, and barren, and burnt up, this precious Soil appears. No ſhowers from above come down, no Sun ſhines upon it; the Stars of Heaven withhold their influence, and ſcarce an Angel will ſtir to Thy aſſiſtance. O Thou who art all Glorious within, and art Thy ſelf the Glory of the Univerſe! Were my Sins laid in a Balance, they would weigh hea-

vier than the Sand on the Sea-ſhore; and then, What need I wonder, that Thou cryeſt ſo loud under the heavy load? For the Arrows of the Lord ſtick in Thee, and his Hand preſſes Thee ſore.

IV.

O Bleſſed Nazarite! whiter than Snow, brighter than the Sky, purer than the Sun; How is Thy Face disfigured with Grief! How do Thine Eies languiſh! How diſmal doſt thou appear! Is this the Face that was the Perfection of Beauty? Is this the Face that was once the Deſire of all Nations? Is this the Face which ſo many Prophets and Righteous Men have deſired to ſee? Is this the Face that *Abraham* long'd to behold, and the Patriarchs were ambitious to have a view of? Is this the Face, admired by Angels, and dreaded by Devils? What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved? O Thou faireſt among Women! Is this the mighty Bridegroom of the Church, who was once transfigured on the Holy Mount, and his Face did ſhine as the Sun, and his Raiment became white as the Light? Is this he, whom God anointed with the Oil of Gladneſs above his Fellows; whoſe Garments ſmell of Myrrh, Aloes and Caſſia; and caſt ſuch

a ſcent, that the Daughter of *Tyre* came with a Gift, and the rich among the people entreated his Favour? How is he alter'd; How is his Countenance chang'd! How is the Gold become dim, and the fine Gold chang'd! Yet ſtill thou art lovely to a Soul that ſees farther than the outſide. Still Thou art a Cordial to fainting Spirits. Still Thou art a Fountain of living waters. Still Thou art the Joy of the whole Earth, the Light of Heaven, and the Song of *Sion*. My Thoughts, O Lord, ſhall follow Thee to the Croſs. Methinks I ſee, how Thou art going to die; thou lookeſt back on thine Enemies, and, notwithſtanding all their Affronts, offereſt them Mercy. O Incomprehenſible Goodneſs! Even then, when Thou art lifted up to the infamous Tree, Thou draweſt, and inviteſt all Men to Thee, Thou Preacheſt on the Croſs, and Thy very wounds are Sermons to the Children of Men; and thy Blood trickling down, is an exhortation to Repentance. Surely it is good for me to adhere unto Thee, and to count it death to be ſeparated from Thee.

V.

O, whither ſhall I go but to Thee, who haſt words of Eternal Life! Thou art my Sun, by Thee I ſhall be enlightned, by Thee my Soul ſhall be warmed; O, how comfortable are Thy beams! What a progreſs muſt that Soul make, on which Thou ſhineſt, and darteſt Thy glorious Rayes! Thou art that lofty Cedar, whoſe boughs overſpread the Believing World!

VI.

Under the ſhadow of that Tree will I reſt: It is for the healing of the Nations. I will be glad in the Lord, and rejoyce in my bleeding Jeſus. While the World deſpiſes Thee, I will honour Thee; While great Men paſs by, and regard Thee not, I that am poor and needy will wait to be refreſhed by Thee!

VII.

Go, ye fools! Be, be enamoured with your Trifles, admire your Butterflies, doat on your ſenſual Pleaſures: Here is one that looks charming in his Tears, lovely

lovely in his Blood, amiable in his Wounds, and is more beautiful in the midſt of all his diſtreſſes, than the brighteſt Virgins Face, adorned with all the glittering Treaſures of the *Eaſt*.

VIII.

O my Strength! By Thee I deſire to be comforted, and ſupported. O anoint my Eyes with thy Sovereign Eye-ſalve, and I ſhall ſee, and live. O that the Clouds, which dwell on my Underſtanding, where diſperſed, that I might look upon Thee ſtedfaſtly! O then Thou wouldſt appear more lovely to me on the Croſs, than *Græſus* in his Throne, or *Solomon* in all his Glory! God forbid that I ſhould glory in any thing, ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt. In this lie hid vaſt treaſures of Sweetneſs! O my Jeſus! Make me conformable to Thy death, and give me leave to carry Thy marks in my Body: Let me be crucified with Thee, and let Chriſt for ever live in me.

IX.

Canſt thou live in a Soul that hath abuſed Thy Mercy, ſlighted Thy Patience, and

and ſo often baffled the ſtratagems of Thy compaſſion? I believe, Lord! O help my Unbelief. Thou cameſt to call, not the Righteous, but Sinners, to repentance. Oh then my Husband will love me, my Redeemer will come and live with me; for my repentings are kindled, I hate the ſins that have defiled my Soul! Away, ye Swine! Here are no Devils to enter in. I am to receive my Bridegroom into my heart. Come, Lord Jeſu, Come quickly! Thou art the welcomeſt Gueſt I know! How happy ſhall I be, if Thou wilt lodge in this earthly Tabernacle! Happier, than if all the Angels of Heaven took up their habitation here!

X.

O ye beſotted *Jews*, what makes you run ſo faſt to kill the Lord of Life? Ye cannot live without him, and what evil ſpirit doth poſſeſs you, to kill and murther him? Can you think of his Miracles, and do ſo? Can you reflect upon his Doctrine, and attempt ſuch villanies? Can you remember, how he taught you in the Temple, even to aſtoniſhment, and venture on ſuch proceedings? Can you call

to

to mind how he hath purged your Country of Devils, and your Sick of their Diſeaſes, and ſuffer the Devil to enter into you?

XI.

O dreadful ſpectacle! O that my Head were Water! Who will riſe with me againſt the Wicked? O Thou that art purer than the Lilies, purge me with Hyſſop, and I ſhall be clean; waſh me, and my filthineſs ſhall not be ſeen! O bathe me in the Fountain open'd for the Houſe of *Judah*, and *Jeruſalem*; and I ſhall look fairer than the Children, which fed on the Meat of the King of *Babylon*'s Table. O my God, I thirſt for Thee, as dry Land after Water. My Soul flies and flutters about, like *Noah*'s Dove, and can find no reſt, till it gets into the Ark. *Great Gate of Mercy*, open to me; hide me from the wrath of an offended God, and make a Covenant of Peace with me. Ah! Who would not love Thee, that hears Thee pray for Thy greateſt Enemies.

XII.

O lovely Bridegroom of my Soul! Wound

Wound my Heart, that it may be ſick of Love. How kind art Thou, even to thy moſt hard-hearted Foes! What a Motive is this to love Thee! What needeſt Thou care what becomes of ſtubborn Sinners! Why ſhouldeſt Thou trouble thy ſelf about Wretches, that will have none of Thee, that will have their Dirt and Dung, and Traſh, and Husks, and prefer theſe trifles before Heaven, and a Sea of Glory? Thou canſt live without the Society of Men; at leaſt, Thou need'ſt no ſuch company: Yet thou longeſt for their Pardon and Happineſs, as if they had been Thy greateſt Friends. Was ever Goodneſs like this? O that my Thoughts and Contemplations might be always buſie about this Love! This is no vulgar Love, the Love of *David* to *Jonathan*; the Love of *Jacob* to *Rachel*; the Love of Brethren, Siſters, Friends, will bear no reſemblance here! *Moſes* his Love to the *Iſraelites*, for whoſe ſake, and ſo they might but continue in God's Favour, he was content to be blotted out of God's Book; and St. *Paul*'s wiſh to be even accurſed of Chriſt, for his Kinſmen of the Jewiſh Nation: Theſe demonſtrations of Love come ſomewhat nearer; but ſtill thy Love, my deareſt Lord, ſur-

ſurpaſſes all theſe, as the light of the Sun doth that of the Moon, and the leſſer Stars. They borrow'd their love from Thine, and lighted their Candle by Thy brighter Fire; that which was exceſs of love in them, was but a ſpark of that Charity, which overſpread thy larger Soul.

XIII.

They did but wiſh to dye for the People; Thou didſt actually expire for their good: Their love was confined to a ſingle Nation; Thine extended to the whole World; Theſe Men were ſtill their Friends, that they wiſh'd to be miſerable for; but thoſe Thou ſuffereſt for, were Thine Enemies: Their Love had great defects mingled with it; but Thine was pure and ſpotleſs: Theirs had Clouds and Miſts to darken it; Thine was all Light and Glory: Theirs was a ſudden tranſport, which might not laſt many days; but Thine was conſtant to a Miracle, and thoſe whom thou lovedſt, Thou lovedſt unto the end.

XIV. Great

XIV.

Great Emperor of Souls! Thou hangedſt betwixt Thieves, and not without reaſon; for Thou ſtealeſt the Heart away. What Heart can ſee Thy Beauty, and forbear being enamoured with it? Thou doſt raviſh my Soul with Thine Eyes of pity. To ſee Thee caſt a favourable look on ſuch a Monſter as I am; Who can forbear falling in love with ſo much clemency? I am a Captive in this World. The Law of my Members makes me captive to the Law of Sin: O take me by force from that Priſon! O ſet me as a Seal upon Thy Heart! Rule Thou in my Members, erect a Trophee over my Head, and rejoyce in conquering me. O let me be content to undergo the Croſs, and reproach with Thee! that Thou mayſt remember me now Thou art in Thy Kingdom! O remember me with the favour Thou beareſt unto thy People!

XV.

O my Jeſus! Who can hear Thee cry *I Thirſt*, and not wiſh for Rivers of Tears? What canſt Thou thirſt for, but the Sal-

vation of Mankind? Thou cameſt for that purpoſe from Heaven; left'ſt thoſe brighter Manſions to invite poor ſinners to the mighty Banquet there. For this Thou did'ſt Travel up and down, and endured'ſt Cold and Hunger, and Wearineſs, for this Thou wroughteſt Miracles; for this Thou didſt intreat, rebuke, preach the Word in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon; for this Thou couldſt be content to want a place where to lay Thy Head; for this Thou taughteſt daily in the Temple, ſomtimes on the Mount, ſomtimes in a Ship, ſomtimes in a Deſart; for this thy Soul did long; for this thou ſufferedſt; for this Thou waſt buffeted, beaten, bruiſed and wounded, even becauſe Thou wouldſt not give over calling poor deluded Sinners to a ſenſe of their Duty; for this Thou thirſtedſt here; The rude multitude fancies, it is either Water or ſome Cordial Thou wiſheſt for: They meaſure thy condition by their own ſenſual appetite. But they were purer deſires that glow'd in Thy Breaſt. It is Water, indeed, Thou thirſtedſt for; but ſuch Water as *David* made his Bed to ſwim in. The Tears of a penitent Soul are the Wine Thou longeſt for; They are the Drink the Son of God thirſts after

ter. Weep, weep, mine Eyes, that the Lord Jeſus may drink, and be ſatisfied! O Lord, I have given Thee Gall to drink, I have offered Thee the Cup of trembling and aſtoniſhment. Ah bitter, Ah wretched Drink! worſe than the fouleſt Ditch-water! Drink, my deareſt Lord, *Drink of the Brook by the Way.* Drink of theſe Tears: Drink of this Holy Water, I do ſhed. O it is the Sweat of a grieved Soul; of a Soul weary of Sin, and heavy laden with the ſenſe of it! My Heart melts, my Souls diſſolves at the thoughts of my follies. Drink up this Heart of mine, and let it mingle with thy Bowels of Mercy. Here, Lord! accept of the Vows I offer Thee! Behold, and viſit this Vine, which thine own right hand hath planted: Shine upon it, Lord; let it bring forth pleaſant Grapes, no more Grapes of the Vine of *Sodom*; but Grapes ſweet, and which may cheer the Heart of God and man.

XVI.

The Drink-Offerings I bring to Thee, are inſatiable Deſires after Thee, the moſt fervent breathings of my Heart after Thy Grace and Mercy. O receive them graciouſly, and love me freely. I

bring no Rivers of Oyl, no Rams, no Bullocks with Horns and Hoofs. Thou deſireſt not Sacrifice, elſe would I give it Thee; Thou delighteſt not in Burnt-offerings: Thou wilt take no Bullock out of my Houſe, nor He Goats out of my Folds; for every Beaſt of the Foreſt is Thine, and ſo is the Cattel upon a thouſand Hills. Thou knoweſt all the Fowls of the Mountains, and the wild Beaſts of the Field are Thine: If Thou wert hungry, Thou wouldſt not tell me; for the World is Thine, and the fulneſs thereof. Thou wilt not eat the Fleſh of Bulls, nor drink the Blood of Goats; but the Offerings Thou expecteſt, are Thankſgivings, and paying my humble Vows to Thy Divine Majeſty, and calling upon Thee in the Day of Trouble. O my God! my Soul fainteth for Thee, when ſhall I come to appear before Thee? My Soul is caſt down within me; When wilt Thou comfort me? I long for thy Salvation; I hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs; I ſee Beauty and Splendor and Excellency in it, and would fain be cloathed with that Ornament. Thou deſerveſt my ſtrongeſt deſires, my moſt vigorous Breathings, my moſt lively Pantings after Thee. Not to long after Thee, is to be

a Stranger to real Bliſs; not to follow hard after Thee, is to be ignorant of Thy Riches, and the plenty of Thy Houſe. But what do I talk of deſires of a ſingle Heart? Would to God, that all Mankind might offer unto Thee their reaſonable ſervice; Thou deſerveſt it, and deſerveſt all the love of Angels too. But Thou deſireſt nothing ſo much as the Hearts of the Children of Men. The Angels are happy already, only Mankind lies ingulfed in miſery; and ſo great is Thy Charity, that, having taken their Nature upon Thee, Thou would'ſt willingly make them equal with Angels.

XVII.

Great Darling of the Holy Trinity! What haſte doſt Thou make to dye!

How doſt Thou run to redeem the Sons of Men! Nothing can hold thee, nothing can reſtrain Thee; not thine own Greatneſs, not thy Majeſty, not thy being the Son of God, not love to thine own preſervation. Thou didſt love me better than Thy ſelf. How didſt Thou fly to my deliverance! How doſt Thou leap in to prevent my hurt! No Devils can fright Thee, no danger terrifie Thee,

no pain diſcourage Thee, no anguiſh make Thee afraid. Thou longeſt till the great Work be done. The other Malefactors that are crucified with Thee (what honour had theſe Wretches, and yet were not ſenſible of it! One at laſt opens his Eye, and ſees it, and ſtands amazed: Theſe,) held out longer on the Gibbet, but Thou bidſt death come away, and ſeize Thy Life! It's a pleaſure to Thee to die. O ſurprizing Mercy! Other men ſeek to eſcape Death as long as they can; they run away from the ſight of the Monſter: If they do but ſee the ſhadow of it, they tremble, and to them death is truly a King of Terrors. Thou goeſt out to meet it, as that which muſt put an end to thy ſufferings, and my miſery. It's death to thee not to die. Thou chideſt it for ſtaying. Thou haſt a Baptiſm to be baptized with, and Oh what wouldeſt Thou, that it were accompliſh'd!

XVIII.

Ah! My Lord, I ſee Thy dying Lips, from which dropt Speeches ſweeter than Honey, and the Honey-comb. Death is going to cloſe them up, yet O vouchſafe me

me a Look that may refreſh my Soul. And now the Glory is departed from *Iſrael*: the Saviour of the World gives up the Ghoſt! O let me dye with Thee! O draw me after Thee, and I ſhall live. I wonder not that the Graves open at Thy death, and the Rocks rend, and the Sun hides his Face; but I wonder the whole Earth did not diſſolve, and nature itſelf did not run into its primitive Chaos and Confuſion.

XIX.

O my crucified Maſter! How ill art Thou rewarded for Thy kindneſs? Thou wert Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame, Thou wert a Father to the Poor, and a Staff to the Aged: Thou didſt cauſe the Widows Heart to ſing for joy: Thou didſt deliver the Poor that cryed, the Fatherleſs, and him that had no helper. Unto Thee Men gave Ear, and waited and kept ſilence at Thy Counſel; after thy Words they ſpake not again, and Thy Speech dropt upon them: The naked deck'd themſelves with the Wooll of Thy Sheep, and Thy door was open to the weary Traveller. But now, they that are younger than Thou, have Thee in deri-

ſion; and they that were Children of Fools, Children of baſe Men, Men viler than the Earth, gape upon thee: Thou art their Song, and art become their by-word; they abhor thee, and flee far from thee, and ſpare not to ſpit in thy Face: They marr thy path, they ſet forward thy calamity: Terrors are turned upon thee, they perſue thy Soul as the Wind; and thy welfare paſſes away as a Cloud.

XX.

O infinite Patience! Yet theſe Sinners are offered Salvation by him, whom they abuſed thus. Salvation! What do I hear! O then there is hopes for me, for I have been one of Thy Enemies! I have mock'd Thee by my ſins; I have derided Thy ſufferings by my contempt of thy Laws; I have ſcorned Thee, by preferring mine own Will before Thine; I have ſpit upon Thee by my filthy communications; I have abuſed Thee by ſheltring my Sins under Thy Croſs; I have diſhonoured Thee by my Life, diſgraced Thee by my careleſneſs, buffeted Thee by my impatience, affronted Thee by my pride, made light of thy Power and Goodneſs by my miſtruſt of Thy Providence; undervalued

dervalued Thy Love by my affection to vanity: And yet Thou ſtretcheſt forth Thine arms to lay hold on me, art loth to ſee me periſh, unwilling to ſee me undone, and proclaimeſt mercy to a forlorn Wretch! Bleſſed News! O King of Kings, Thou cryeſt, *It is fulfilled*; The Work is done, the vaſt Work of Redemption; Now Thy Fathers anger is broke; Now the Floud-Gates of indignation are ſhut; Now Heaven ſtands open; Now Thy Fathers boſome is held out to all that thirſt after Thee.

XXI.

Hear this, all ye Priſoners! Liſten to this Meſſage, ye guilty Souls! Come all that are laden with the ſenſe of Sin! Open the Door! Throw off your Chains! Run to this Rock! Make haſte to this Fountain! Kiſs this Son! Make much of this Light! Embrace this Mercy! Do you diſpute the thing? Do you queſtion whether you ſhall do it, or no? Is it poſſible you can ſtand out? Is it poſſible you can demur upon it? Is it poſſible your Hearts do not turn within you? Can you refuſe your Cordial? neglect the Medicine that muſt recover you? ſlight the Remedy

that muſt fetch you to life again? O Jeſu! Thou haſt done all things well? Thou haſt made the Blind to ſee, and the Dumb to ſpeak, and the deaf to hear. O open Thou my Lips, and my Mouth ſhall ſhew forth Thy Praiſe. Open Thou mine Ears, and let me hear Thy loving kindneſs betimes in the Morning. O open Thou mine Eyes, and I ſhall ſee how Sweet and Gracious Thou art.

XXII.

O my Life! Thou dyed'ſt; and dying, fulfilled'ſt Thy Fathers Will; for indeed it was fit, that one Man ſhould dye for the People, and that the whole Nation periſh not. Ah! What would Mankind have done, if Thou hadſt not paid the Ranſome? Whither muſt they have fled for refuge, if Thou hadſt not given Thy ſelf a Sacrifice? They muſt have wandred about in Caves and Dens, deſtitute, tormented, afflicted, diſconſolate, lived in perpetual fear of Death, and the dreadful conſequences of it. Death muſt have been for ever a King of Terrors to them: If they had but look'd upon that Hell that Death would have open'd into, how could they but have lived in perpetual horror!

horror! There could have been no hope of Mercy, no probability of Bliss; their Souls would have been in Eternal confusion, always doubting, always afraid, always upon the rack. O my Jesus! Thou, through Death, hast deliver'd them, who, through fear of Death, were all their life-time subject unto bondage! Thou hast knock'd off their Shackles! loosed their Bands, freed their Souls! set their Spirits at liberty! I feel the power of Thy Death. My *Heart* takes courage; O let me rise with Thee to Eternal Life! O let me not lye in the Mire, but set my Feet upon a Rock, and establish my Goings: I have gone astray like a lost Sheep; O seek Thy Servant, that I may not forget Thy Commandments!

XXIII.

Thou art the Bread which came down from Heaven, and with the Bread in Thy Sacred Supper, Thou offerest me all the Benefits of Thy Death and Passion; such a Feast hast Thou prepared for me! such a Table hast Thou spread for me! My Soul is invited to Sup with the Lamb that was slain! What an honour is this! What a condescension is it! In this Sacrament Thou erectest a Banner for me, bidst me

fly

ſit under Thy Vine, and ſtreng then myſelf with the Fruit that drops from it. Were all the Fiſhes of the Sea, and all the Fowls of the Air, and all the Beaſt of the Field, dreſs'd for my Entertainment, it would not be ſo much as this plain, but Heavenly, Diet is. Tell not me of *Belſhazzar*'s Banquet, nor of *Abaſhuerus*'s Feaſt, nor of the rich Man's curious Diſhes; they are all Scraps and Offals to this Entertainment. Here my Bleſſed Redeemer courts my Soul; Here he makes love to a miſerable Sinner; Here he preſents me with the Riches of his Merits: No *African* Gold, no *Eaſtern* Pearls, no *Indian* Stones are to be compared with theſe. Here the Lord of Glory offers to Marry me, to unite me to him to make an everlaſting Covenant with me, to be fleſh of his fleſh, and bones of his bones, promiſes to endow me with all his Goods, puts a Ring on my Finger, and bids me lye in his boſom. This is Honour, this is Glory, this is Preferment, which no Royal Courts can give, no *Solomon* can afford, no Emperor grant, no Monarch confer, no King beſtow. This is the mighty Wedding-Feaſt, at which the Bleſſed Angels wait; how ſhould they not be there, when their Maſter is Preſident, and Director

of

of the Banquet? This puts me in mind of all the admirable things Thou haſt done for me; in this Bread are contracted all the Dainties and Delicacies imaginable.

XXIV.

O wonderful Love, that waſt not content to be known to me, but art willing to give Thy Self for Food to me! What pains doſt Thou take to melt my ſtubborn Heart! Thou art willing to live in me; Thou art willing to be one with me, that I may not warp from Thee. Thou art willing to be my Meat and Drink; not only my King to protect me, not only my Father to tender me, not only my Maſter to take care of me, not only my Saviour to ſnatch me out of the Burning Lake, not only my Mediator to ſecure me againſt Heavens Vengeance; but my Diet too; Thou ſeeſt my Soul wants Meat proper for her nature: Alas! the World cannot be that Meat: That's an heterogeneous thing: As well may Angels food on Hay or Graſs, as my Soul on things that profit not. That which my Soul muſt feed on, muſt be ſomthing Spiritual! Thou, O Jeſu! art that Great Spiritual Object my Soul muſt fix on; nothing elſe will

will content it: And when my Thoughts contemplate Thee, when my Soul meditates of Thy Charity, when my Affections love Thee, when my Desires long for Thee, when my Will submits to Thy easy Yoke, when all my Faculties delight in Thee, when Thou appearest lovely and charming, and amiable to my mind; then, then my Soul hath its proper Food, then it's like to live, then it's in a way to thrive, then it prospers, then it grows, then it gets a chearful Look, then the Angels visit it, the World perfectly sowres it, sensual pleasures ruine it, carnal satisfactions make it meager. Thou, O Lord, thou alone, canst make it flourish like the Palm-tree, and satisfie it with the Rivers of Thy Pleasures.

XXV.

O my Lord, how sweet is it to suck Honey out of this Rock! Thy Bread strengthens to a Miracle, and Thy Blood makes Souls drunk. It is as the Dew of *Hermon*, and as the Dew that descends on the Mountains of *Zion*; for there the Lord commanded the Blessing, even Life for evermore. O my God, I care not for *Abana* and *Pharpar* now, not for the Rivers

Rivers of *Damascus*. I will stand under Thy Cross, and open my Mouth. O do Thou fill it! While others go to rejoyce in their Corn and Wine and Oyl, I will go to the Supper of the Lamb. Here, Lord, here is my Heart, ready to receive that Heavenly Food Thou offerest me. Awake, thou Eternal Spirit, awake, blow upon my Garden, that the Spices may flow out! O let this *Manna* satisfie my taste, that I may forget the Flesh Pots of *Egypt*. Behold, Lord, here I make a Vow, That if Thou wilt give me this Bread to eat, which endures to Everlasting Life, Thou shalt be my God, I will serve no other Gods but Thee; Thou shalt command my Heart, my Desires and my Affections; and without Thee, no passion shall lift up its Hand or Foot in all the Land of *Goshen*: I will set Thee over all that I have, and all shall be at thy dispose.

Christ. I feel my Heart warmed with this Consideration. I will now turn aside, and see this great Sight, who it is that hangs upon the Cross, and bleeds for my Sins, Oh! it is the Son of God; He that was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God,

God, but made himſelf of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a Servant, and became obedient to the Death of the Croſs, that I might be made the Righteouſneſs of God through him.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the Particulars to be observed before we come to the Lords Table.

Conscience.

BUT is there nothing else to be done by way of preparation for this Blessed Sacrament?

I.

Christ. O yes! For I must, first, retire sometimes, and celebrate, and admire the Love of God to me in Christ Jesus, in some such Reflections as these:

Be astonish'd, ye Heavens, stand amazed, ye Choirs of Angels, at the condescension of my God. I have betray'd him to the *Philistines*; yet he loves the miserable Wretch, and so loves him, that he gives his Son to redeem him.

O God, what dost Thou see in me? Nothing but Misery, nothing but Rags, nothing but Poverty; and yet Thou lovest me!

I am

I am but Duſt and Aſhes, and will God vouchſafe a Gracious Look to ſo mean an Object? O Sovereign Being! Didſt Thou ever behold a viler Creature than I am? And wilt Thou go out of the common Road of Love, and ſpread Thy Garments over me, and offer me Thy friendſhip?

O Love! which *Cherubim* admire, and *Seraphim* adore! It paſſes Underſtanding: It goes beyond my Cognizance: It confounds my Reaſon: I admire the Love of a Prince to a Subject; but that will bear no reſemblance to this Love!

God might have triumph'd in my Groans, glorified his Juſtice by my ſtripes; but Pity abounds in him, it hath no Banks, it flows at large, it's extended even to the moſt abject Creature, as I am.

O Love! How humble art thou! How violent art thou! Thou breakeſt through all the Clouds of Heaven to come down. Thou foregoeſt the Rules of Greatneſs and Majeſty, to ſhew thy Glory. That the Eternal Son of God ſhould take Fleſh upon him, and die to give life to the World! Oh where can I parallel this Love!

I will ſing of Love, I will ſpeak of Love, I will think of Love, my very dreams ſhall be

be employ'd about it. O that I could write Panegyricks of it! Were not my Tongue confined, it ſhould do nothing elſe but talk of Love.

Here is Love, to which all natural Sympathies muſt vail. I ſee no end thereof; the farther I go in the ſearch, the more I loſe myſelf: But how ſhould a Creature find out the end of that which is infinite?

Where ſhall I find out the Spring of this mighty Stream? Where ſhall I find the beginning of it? Alas! The line of Reaſon is too ſhort! There is no fathoming of this Depth. Who can ſearch into the receſſes of Eternity? In that vaſt Abyſs, the head of this great River lies; but who ſhall dive into it? It's enough that I am ſo happy as to be acquainted with it: It's enough that the Almighty hath revealed it unto Babes; even ſo, Father, it ſeemed good in thy ſight. I can give no reaſon of it. Thy Love, Lord, was the cauſe of this Love; Thy Love was the motive: Nothing elſe could be any enforcive. I am ſenſible Thou art merciful, becauſe Thou wilt be merciful.

O Thou Eternal Wiſdom, whom the Lord poſſeſſed in the beginning of his way, before his Works of old, who waſt ſet up from everlaſting, from the beginning

or

or ever the Earth was; when there were no depths, Thou waſt brought forth; when there were no Fonntains abounding with Water, before the Mountains were ſetled, before the Hills, waſt Thou brought forth, while as yet he had not made the Earth, nor the Fields, nor the higheſt part of the Duſt of the World; who waſt there when he prepared the Heavens, when he ſet a compaſs upon the face of the Depth, when he eſtabliſh'd the Clouds above, when he ſtrengthned the Deep, when he gave to the Sea his Decree, that the Waters ſhould not paſs his Commandment: O Thou who waſt by him, as one brought up with him, who waſt daily his delight, rejoycing always before him, enlighten my Mind, that I may have clearer apprehenſion of this Charity!

Ariſe, my Thoughts! Awake up, my Glory! See, O my Soul, how that Love ſmiles upon Thee! See how bright, how clear, how charming it is! See how Devils tremble at it! See how they grin, and fret, to think they muſt have no ſhare in it! See what Glorious Beams it darts on penitent Sinners! See how it warms their Hearts! See how it follows them, how loth it is to leave them! See how it adjures them, and how importunate it is with

with them, to ſuffer themſelves to be conquered by it.

II.

I muſt examine myſelf, not only what, and where, and when, and how I have (eſpecially of late,) been acting againſt God, and affronted his Goodneſs, Mercy, and Patience; and what Sorrow, Grief, and Fear, theſe particular Offences have cauſed in me; but whether I am unfeignedly reſolv'd to part with all theſe particular ſins, I am moſt prone and inclined to; whether my Heart and purpoſe be fix'd to know the Will of God, and to do it; whether I do ſincerely, and without reſervation, intend for the future, to prefer God's Will before my Will, and his Favour before the Favour of Men; and whether I do in good earneſt deſign to forgo my Profit, Gain, or Intereſt in the World, rather than to do any thing that is diſpleaſing to God, whether I do truly prize the Love of God above all the Riches of this World, and ſee greater Beauty in that Holineſe, to which I am invited by this Love, than in all the Gaudes and ſatisfactions of the World. And if I do, and my Conſcience bears me witneſs of it,

I may

I may chearfully go to the Lord's Table, and expect the Benefits that are offered there.

III.

If I have done any ſignal wrong to my Neighbour, I muſt make him either reſtitution or ſatisfaction; I muſt either reſtore to him what I have cheated or wronged him in, or have ſecretly and againſt his Will taken away from him: Or, if I am not able to reſtore, make confeſſion of the Fault, and beg his forgiveneſs. I muſt be reconciled to him, if I have offended him, or given him juſt occaſion to be angry; and if after that attempt, he will ſtill keep his Anger, I have delivered my own Soul.

I muſt let my Neighbour know, that I do as truly forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven of Chriſt Jeſus; and to be as ready to give, as my Neighbour to ask my pardon.

I muſt remember, how God hath entailed his Pardon upon mine; and if I forgive not from my Heart, neither will my Heavenly Father forgive my Treſpaſſes. If I have abuſed my Neighbour, either in Words or Deeds, and he either hath

hath receiv'd, or is like to receive any prejudice by it, I muſt not be aſhamed to acknowledge my error, but prefer a quiet Conſcience before my Reputation in the World.

IV.

I muſt ſurvey the bitter ſufferings of my Bleſſed Saviour, as they are laid down and deſcribed by the Evangeliſts. I muſt follow Him into the Garden of *Gethſemane*, and go up with Him to the Mount of Olives, and there behold how His Heart was troubled, and how the fears of Death fell upon Him; How his Soul was filled with Sorrow, and how his Life drew near unto the Grave; how he trode the Wine-preſs of God's Anger alone, and humbled Himſelf before His Father; how, as *Man*, he begg'd, that the Cup might paſs from Him, and yet, as *Mediator*, freely conſented to His Fathers Will; how Diſtreſs and Anguiſh came upon Him, and in the midſt of thoſe Miſeries, the weary Diſciples fell aſleep; how he wept and mourned, and ſweat Drops of Blood; and how Hell open'd her Mouth upon Him; how He bore our Griefs, and took the chaſtiſement of

our

our Peace upon Him; how He drank the bitter Cup, and His Heart within Him became as melting Wax, how He was led to *Annas*, and He to whom all the Angels in Heaven bowed, ſtood before a ſinful Man; how from *Annas* He was dragg'd to *Caiaphas*, and like a Lamb led to the Slaughter; how He was accuſed before *Pontius Pilate*, and there beſpatter'd with all the ill Language that Men or Devils could invent; how He was ſet at nought by *Herod*, and in ſcorn deck'd with a Purple Robe; how from thence He returned to *Pilate*, and thereupon was ſcourged, and crowned with Thorns; how after this He bore His Croſs, and was actually Crucified; how He was made to drink Gall and Vinegar, and at laſt, bowed the Head, and died.

But then, I muſt not only barely ſurvey theſe Sufferings, but reflect at the ſame time upon my Sins that procured them; and accuſe, not only my groſſer Sins, if I have been guilty of any, but my leſſer errors, of uſing the Son of God ſo barbarouſly: I muſt not reflect upon His blood, Sweat, without thinking of my proud Thoughts, and Speeches, and Actions, that pulled it on Him; nor upon

His

His Wounds, without beating my Breaſt for my Envy and Malice, and revengful Deſires that cauſed them, nor upon the Crown of Thorns, without deteſting my intemperance, and ſiniſter deſigns in doing good, and affectation of vain-Glory, that ſet it on His Head, nor on the Nails that tore His Fleſh, without taking a view of my Pertiſhneſs, and Peeviſhneſs, and Impatience, which ſtruck them in; nor upon the Spear that opened His Side, without entertaining ſome diſmal thoughts of my neglect of Meditation, and Prayer, and fervency of Spirit, and Diſcourſes, and bearing of Injuries, and holy heavenly Thoughts; nor upon His Tears, without looking ſtern upon my ſlight and ſuperficial performances: For all theſe help'd towards His Death and Agonies.

V.

I muſt ſhew my willingneſs to imitate Chriſt Jeſus, by doing ſome good Work, if health and ſtrength do give me leave. This muſt be the firſt-fruits of my future treading in His ſteps, and will make my coming to the Holy Sacrament more comfortable. I muſt in this imitate the Wo-

man that poured out the Ointment on Christ's Head, before His Sufferings began; and Christ himself, who washt His Disciples Feet, before He refreshed their Souls with the Holy Sacrament. I must either *free some Prisoner*, to testifie my resentment of the Mercy *Christ* shewed me, in freeing me from the bondage of the Devil; or *relieve some poor Family*, to express my Sense of Christ's relieving my Soul in the greatest strait; or *impart some good Counsel to a wicked and careless Neighbour*, to shew how kind Christ was in visiting me with His Admonitions; or *visit some Sick Persons that are under great distress*, and comfort them, or help them, or give them, or procure them some Physick that may do them good, if they be needy; to shew how sensible I am of Christ's being my Physician: Or *forgive some small Debt* a poor Man owes me, to shew how I rejoyce at Christ's forgiving me Ten thousand Talents; or *visit a Man that hates me, and behave Myself most courteously to him*, to see whether his Heart will melt, and come to a better temper, thereby to express my sense of Christ's Love to me, that have been His Enemy; or *give a good Book to one that hath no Money to buy one*, to shew my sense of Christ's feed-

feeding me with the Word of Life; or *deny myself in a lawful Recreation*, or lawful Ornament, or lawful Meal, to shew I am sensible how Christ hath denied himself for my sake; or *pray earnestly for the conversion of a Person I have no acquaintance with*, and whom I hear to be very vitious, to express my sense of Christ's care of my Salvation.

VI.

I must frequently pray, that God would give me a Heart to breath and pant after Him, and particularly, a Heart to esteem and prize his Love manifested in this Sacrament, above all the Pleasures of this World; that He would give me a Faith active and vigorous, and which may press through all Impediments, and purifie my Heart and Life, and forget what is behind it; that He would give me a contrite Spirit, and Grace to tremble at His Word and Threatnings; that He would give me courage to undervalue and despise the World, and the Glories and Vanities of it; that He would give me a burning Zeal to his Glory, a transcendent Love to his Name, and Ways, and Ordinances; that He would make me sincere in Devo-

tion, in Prayer, and in all good Works, and baniſh from me all ſiniſter and worldly ends and deſigns in holy performances; that He would give me, firſt reſolution to imitate the Saints of old, and the beſt Examples at this day, and to ſtop my Ears againſt all the ſuggeſtions of Fleſh and Blood to the contrary; that He would give me a Mind which may delight in contemplating the Divine Goodneſs and Perfection, and would teach me the great Art of Self-reſignation, of truſting him with my Soul and Body, and of relying intirely upon His Providence.

VII.

I muſt reſolve (and unfeignedly upon my bended Knees, or in a very ſolemn manner,) to watch and ſtrive for the future, againſt thoſe particular Sins and Errors, and ſinful Inclinations I am moſt inclined to; if I have neglected ſuch a Self-denial, to neglect it no more; if I have been guilty of ſuch acts of Pride, and Envy, and Ill-nature, to be guilty of them no more; if I have been careleſs and ſlovenly in my Prayers, to be ſo no more; if I have pleaſed myſelf with vain Thoughts, to pleaſe myſelf with them no more; if I have

have delighted in fine Cloaths, to delight in them no more; if I have been falſe to my Vows and Promiſes, to be falſe to them no more; if I have made nothing of ill Names and ill Language, to dread it like Poiſon for the future; I muſt reſolve to mortifie ſuch a habit of ſin with rigours, with being unkind to my Fleſh, with Faſting, and with mulcts of Money; if I commit but a ſingle act of Sin, I muſt reſolve to uſe the proper means to ſubdue ſuch a corruption; I muſt reſolve to avoid that Company, where I am, and have been, apt to yield to a certain ſin; I muſt reſolve to ſpend my time better; and if I have ſpent too much of it in Dreſſing, in Pleaſure, in Carding and Dice, &c. to do ſo no more, whatever diſgrace, diſreſpect, or frowns I may meet with from the World, or from mine Acquaintance; and if I have been careleſs of meditating, and being ſerious on the Lords Day, to make a better improvement of that Day. And I muſt ſo reſolve, as to think myſelf concerned to fulfil and perform my ſolemn Reſolution, unto which I have called God as a witneſs.

VIII.

I must watch against all things that would discompose and disorder my Mind, put me into a rage or passion, and make me peevish and discontented, and consequently unfit for the worthy receiving of this Sacrament. I must labour to preserve a calmness, and serenity of Mind; and that neither multitude of worldly Business do distract me, nor injuries past and gone discompose me, or put me into impatient Thoughts and Expressions, nor present Disappointments rob me of my quiet. I must watch against impediments, that would tempt me to delay my coming to this Table, and take heed I do not yield to Temptations, that would make me neglect the opportunity put into my hand, of making peace with God, and mine own Conscience. I must reject suggestions of this nature, and regard more the necessary concerns of my Soul, than things, that, at the best, are but sensual satisfactions.

CHAP. III.

Of the particulars to be observed when we are at the Lords Table.

Conscience.

AND what must thy Thoughts be, and what frame must thy Heart be in, when thou comest to the Holy Table of the Lord?

Christ. I must,

I.

Employ my Soul in Holy Ejaculations; such as these:

O! who will give me to drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem!* Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? How shall I bow myself before the most High? Shall I come before him with Burnt-Offerings, with Calves of a year old?

O my Lord! Thou hast shew'd me what is good, and what dost Thou require of me, but to do justly, to shew mercy, and to walk humbly with my God? O my God! I bring an humble Heart,

a Soul that desires to lye low before Thee; a Soul that longs to be clean, and to be washed in the Bloud of the Lamb; a Soul weary of Sin, that sees no comfort, no satisfaction, no content in things below; but beholds afar off the Treasures of Consolation, that lye hid in Christ Jesus.

These are things to be desired: These are Mercies worth having: These enrich Bankrupt Souls; with these, Pardon is purchased, and Heaven is procured. O give me a Title to them! Thou that art the true Morning Star, O shine upon me! O enlighten me! O let me feel Thy comfortable Beams! These burn not, These scorch not; but sanctifie, and polish, and adorn.

I have seen an end of all Perfection: But Thy Merits are exceeding broad; they enlarge Heaven, subdue Death, conquer Hell, expel Devils, and make God my Friend.

How have I doted on the vanities of this World! They are Bubbles, all: But Thou, sweet Jesu, art perfect Beauty, a Fountain of Joy, which never wants Water, never dries up, never fails, and never dies.

How much better is it to be here in the Courts of the Lord, than in the Tents of

of the proudeſt Monarchs! One day here is better than a thouſand elſewhere.

Here God bows to poor Sinners! Here infinite Majeſty converſes with Duſt and Aſhes! Here the King of Heaven is not aſhamed to call ſuch poor Worms, as we are, Brethren!

How different are the ways of God from the ways of men! They ſhun a *Lazarus*, and a Beggar; God receives them: And the Soul that's ſenſible of her poverty, and begs to be enrich'd, is refreſh'd by him, and invited into his boſom.

How lovely art Thou, my great Redeemer! How amiable! How kind! How beautiful! Therefore do the Virgins love Thee.

Could there be greater Love, than to ſpill Thy Blood for me? Could there be greater Charity than to dye for me? What Miracles of Mercy are theſe?

I come to beg an alms at Thine hands; it's too great a Gift for me to ask, but not too great for Thee to give; for it is Thy Self I beg.

O warm my Heart! Touch it with a Coal from the Altar! O kindle holy Fire in my Breaſt! Burn up the Droſs and Tin there, and let nothing but pure Gold remain.

main. Let Love prevail. O change my Heart into fervent Love, and turn all my faculties into Charity!

II.

I must joyn with the Congregation in their Prayers; I must put my Perfumes into that common Censer, that the Holy Smoak may go up with joined Force to the Throne of Mercy.

I must not come behind my Fellow-Members in Zeal, and Earnestness.

They pray for the prosperity of the Universal Church, that God would guide her by his Holy Spirit; so must I.

They pray for all Christian Kings and Princes, that they may promote the Glory of God, and the Churches welfare; so must I.

They pray for the Ministers of God's Holy Word, that they may be found in the Faith, and Patterns of Holiness; so must I.

They pray for all distressed Members of Christ, that the Consolations of Christ may abound in them; so must I.

They prostrate themselves in Holy Confessions of their Sins, and pray for Re-

Remiſſion and Pardon, and Sanctification; ſo muſt I.

They Pray to be made Partakers of the Benefits of Chriſt's Body and Blood, ſo muſt I.

III.

I muſt ſhew my compaſſion to the Poor, by contributing to their neceſſities, if I am able.

I muſt remember, how poor, how wretched, how naked, how miſerable I was, when the Son of God firſt took pity on me, being yet in the Loins of my Father *Adam*.

I muſt conſider, that myſelf at this inſtant am lying at the Pool of *Bethesda*, waiting for the Angel of the Covenant to come down, and ſtir the Waters, that I may be healed.

I muſt look upon myſelf as a Perſon full of Sores and Sickneſs, and reflect, that I come to be cured for God's ſake, by the Great Phyſician of Souls.

From myſelf, I muſt look down on the Poor, that want my help; and as I would have my Great Maſter have compaſſion on me, ſo I muſt have compaſſion on my Fellow-Servants.

IV. I

IV.

I muſt at this time reſiſt all worldly thoughts, and bid my Oxen, and my Farms, and my Domeſtick Affairs, ſtand aloof, like Lepers, that muſt not come near a place ſo full of Majeſty, and a Work ſo big with Wonders.

I muſt with *Mary* chuſe the better part, and look upon *Martha*'s ſerving as unſeaſonable.

I muſt lay aſide contrivances how to make a Bargain with my Neighbour, and know no other Covenant, but what I am making with God in the Blood of Jeſus.

I muſt not think of my Trade and Traffick; but remember, it is for the Pearl of Price that I am trading now, and laying out my ſtrength and labour.

I muſt not be diſturbed with a deſperate Debt, that's owing me; but remember the Debts I owe to God, and how I do expect that at this time they ſhould be ſtruck out, and cancell'd for ever.

I muſt not now torment myſelf about a livelihood, when I come to get a Title to a Life of everlaſting Glory.

I muſt not now think how to get Bread; and make proviſion for my Family; but rather

rather reflect with joy, what large provision the Almighty makes for my Soul, and what care he takes to make me a Son of God, an Heir of Heaven, and Coheir with Christ.

When sensual thoughts fly through my Mind at this time, I must continue to say to them, Arise, and Depart, for here shall not be your rest.

V.

I must now make some Spiritual reflections on the breaking of the Bread, and upon pouring out of the Holy Wine.

On the breaking of the Bread.

Behold, O my Soul, thus was thy Blessed Saviour's Body broken; Thus was His unspotted Flesh torn asunder. O my Sins, ye did this barbarous act. The Jews were but the external Instruments, ye were the fatal Causes of that torture! Had it not been for you; the Crown of Thorns had never wounded that Sacred Head.

Break, my Heart, Break; it is a dismal sight! A broken Heart is a Sacrifice, which

which He, that was broke upon the account of thy Sins, will not despise.

Nay, He will comfort the humble Soul, and the contrite Spirit; He will pour Wine and Oil into its Wounds, supple it with Balm, heal it with his Death, and make it whole by his Agonies.

See here, O my Soul, the Bread which is broke, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ? See how many broken pieces are here, which all make but one Loaf. So Thou, and Thy Fellow-Believers, make one mystical Body, whereof the Crucified Jesus is Head and Governor, who influences the Body by his Spirit, and from his fulness dispenses Grace for Grace.

Rejoyce, O my Soul! For now the Waves and Billows of God's wrath are laid. The Storm of vengeance is hush'd, The Thunder is gone, The Clouds clear up, Thy broken Saviour hath turn'd the Sound of the Trumpet of War into a still small Voice.

O break with him no more! O preserve that friendship which was so dearly bought! A friendship purchased by Blood sure must never dye. Thou art his Friend, O do not become his Enemy again, for fear he be never Friends with thee again.

On

On the pouring out of the Holy Wine.

Thus, O my Soul, thus flow'd the precious Bloud of the tormented Jesus! In such Streams it issued from his wounded Body! Thus was the costly Juice let out! Thus the rich Veins emptied themselves of their Treasure, and all, that thou mightest be clean.

And, *O Jerusalem, wilt thou be clean? When shall it once be?* When God makes use of his own Blood to purifie thee, O my Soul, Wilt thou wallow still in thy Dung and Nastiness? This would be inexcusable. Arise, wash thyself in this *Jordan*, and thy Flesh shall come again, like unto the Flesh of a little Child.

O my Soul! Had not this Blood been shed, there had been no remission of Sins. From the shedding of this Blood, date thy happiness; when God saw this Blood, the Tide turned, and thy offended Father looked on thee with a merciful Face.

How sweet is this Blood! It nourishes unto Eternal Life.

How high the value of it! It redeemed a whole World.

How wholesome! It expels all Sicknesses.

What

What pity was it, that the leaſt drop of it ſhould fall upon the Ground! It was fit to be received by the hands of Angels! But the Earth, on which ſinful Men walk'd, was defiled and curſed; and therefore it muſt fall upon it to take away the Curſe, Man's Sin had made it ſubject to.

O precious Blood! Drop, drop, upon my Soul! Let me feel thy Virtue! Drive out the Curſe, water this barren Ground, that hath brought forth Bryars and Thorns, and let it bring forth pleaſant Fruit again.

VI.

When I receive the Holy Bread, my Mind muſt vent itſelf in ſome ſuch Breathings, as theſe:

O my Lord, I do remember with Joy and Grief, that thy Body was crucified for me, the meaneſt of thy ſervants. I remember it with joy, becauſe Thy Love is wonderful. O how vehement, how violent was it to love an Enemy, and by that Love to charm me into Obedience! I remember it with grief, becauſe my Sins were Thy Murtherers. O my Lord, I will ſtand out againſt Thy Offers of Grace no longer. Here, take my Heart: I ſolemnly

ſolemnly reſolve to dedicate myſelf, and all I have to Thy Service.

Or,

O God! This Sacred Bread puts me in mind how the Lamb of God was offered for me. Do I believe this, and ſhall not my Soul make Thee her higheſt, and her chiefeſt good? O my God, I take Thee here, not only for my Saviour, but for my King and Maſter too. Come, Holy Spirit, rule my Heart; for I will henceforward ſerve no other Gods but the Great *Jehovah* alone, who loved me, and gave himſelf for me.

Or,

O my Jeſus! My Life! My Joy! My Comfort! Thou diedſt that I might live. I remember it, and adore Thy Majeſty in miſery. O make me Thine, and as this Bread doth mingle with my Subſtance; ſo let Thy Spirit mingle with my Soul, that the ſame Mind may be in me, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.

Or,

Look upon this Bread, O my Soul! it repreſents the bleeding Body of thy deareſt Lord. Bleed, O my Heart! Give thyſelf up

up to him that groaned for thee. It's done, O God, neither Death, nor Life ſhall ſeparate me from the Love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.

VII.

When I receive the Holy Wine, my Thoughts muſt ſtill be at work, and addreſs themſelves to God in Chriſt Jeſus, ſome ſuch way as this:

Either,

O Jeſu, I thankfully remember, that Thy Blood was ſpilt for me; What am I, and what is my Fathers Houſe, that Thou haſt brought me thus far! Thou haſt loved me better than I have done myſelf! O my Lord, give me Thy ſweet, Thy tender, Thy free, Thy humble Spirit, that I may be one with Thee, and deſire nothing on Earth beſides Thee.

Or,

O Bleſſed Balſom of my wounded Heart! Welcome, thou Sovereign Salve! How ſeaſonable is this Medicine! I dy if Thy Blood relieve me not. O waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than Snow. I have

have deſerved to drink the Cup of Trembling and Aſtoniſhment, and Thou holdeſt out to me the Cup of Salvation. O my Soul, remember who it is that is ſo kind to Thee. O eſteem, adore, magnifie, and love him for ever.

Or,

O Thou Bleſſed Shepherd of my Soul! How ought I to bluſh when I think of Thy Blood, which my Sins did ſpill! Thou haſt turned my Darkneſs into Light, and my Treaſon into Antidote. Thou cureſt me by Contradictions, and the Blood, my Sins have drawn from Thy Fleſh, is become the only refuge I have in the Day of Wrath. O look upon Thy own Blood, and hide me in Thy Wounds. I know not how to prize Thy favour; O do Thou teach me to do great things for Thee, to deny myſelf, to take up my Croſs, and to follow Thee.

Or,

O my Lord! By Thy Tears, and by Thy Blood Thou adjureſt me this day to imitate Thee in Thy Graces: in Thy Meekneſs, in Thy Patience, in Thy Humility, in Thy Charity, in Thy Contempt of the World, and in Thy Heavenly Mindedneſs. My Heart is fixed, O God! my Heart is fixed, I will ſing and give Praiſe. Thou

ſhalt

ſhalt be my Pattern. Here under Thy Croſs I promiſe Obedience and Conformity to Thy Graces. O do Thou help me! O aſſiſt me! Uphold me with Thy free Spirit; ſo ſhall I teach Tranſgreſſors Thy Way, and Sinners ſhall be converted unto Thee.

Or,

Great Biſhop of my Soul, who haſt left the ninety and nine in the Wilderneſs, and art come to ſeek this ſtraying Sheep! Behold, Lord, the Prodigal is coming home again! Thou comeſt toward me bleeding, groaning, dying; Thou comeſt to receive him that hath forſaken Thee, to draw him that hath fled from Thee, to kiſs him that did ſcourge Thee, to crown him that did prick Thee, to embrace him that did crucifie Thee, to revive him that did kill Thee, and to love him that did hate Thee. O ſtupendous Mercy! Henceforward no vain Glory, no Worldly Pomp, no outward Riches, no Smiles of Great Men, no outward Comfort, ſhall have ſo much of my Heart as Thy ſweet ſelf. O encreaſe my Faith, my Hope, my Love, my Charity; make my Soul a Temple of the Holy Ghoſt! O come, come, Thou Bridegroom of my Soul, come and dwell in me for ever!

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Particulars to be observed after we have been at the Lords Table.

Conscience.

AND is this all, that is to be observed upon this occasion?

Christ. No: For after I have been made Partaker of these Mysteries and Tokens of God's Love, I must,

I.

Bless God for the opportunity I have had of going with the Multitude to the House of God, with the Voice of Joy and Praise, with the Multitude which keeps Holy-day.

I must magnifie his Goodness, who so loved the World, as to give his only Begotten Son, to the end that all those that believe in him, should not perish.

I must summon my thoughts to enter into some such Meditation as this:

Whence

Whence is it, that the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords, in whose eyes the very Angels are not pure, should come to visit such a Wretch as I? O my Lord! to whom doest Thou stoop! What is that Creature, that Thou bowest thus low to? A Den of Thieves, an Habitation of Vipers, a Vessel of Dishonour! O how often have I polluted myself, even after Thou hast washed me! Is it possible, that God will dwell in such a polluted House! Is it possible, that God will come and feast and sup with such an unprofitable Servant! O my Soul! It is not only possible, but thy Lord hath done it to day: Thine eyes have seen the mighty Works of thy Redeemer. Thou hast seen him converse to day with a Wretch, that hath undone what God hath done, hath rendred him evil for good, and hatred for his good will. Thou hast seen thy Lord this day vouchsafing to sit with one who is full of Bruises and putrefying Sores, and those not bound up, nor mollified with Ointment.

Alas, my Lord! I have abused the mighty Creator, to please a Murtherer; affronted the great Preserver of Men, to please a Fiend; and undervalued him, that call'd me to Salvation, to please an usurping

ping Tyrant. I can give no reaſon why I have offended Thee, except it be Thy Goodneſs and Patience; and could fair Weather make me angry?

What didſt Thou ſee in me, Lord! that ſhould attract Thee, and make Thee leave the higheſt Heavens to deſcend into an Abyſs of Miſery?

O my Jeſus! Water my Soul with the Tears Thou haſt ſhed, anoint me with the Myrrh of Thy Grief and Sorrow, tye me by Thy Bonds, let Thy Scourges ſoften my Heart, let Thy Deriſions ſtrengthen me, let Thy Croſs raiſe me; Reign over me, do with me what ſeems good to Thy Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs. O let me never depart from Thee: Let not the Creature draw me more than the Creator, Vanity more than Eternity, Miſery more than Felicity, Filthineſs more than Beauty, Slavery more than Greatneſs, Bitterneſs more than Sweetneſs. My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he feeds among the Lilies. O that thou wert as my Brother that ſuck'd the Breaſts of my Mother, I would kiſs Thee, yea, I ſhould not be deſpiſed.

O Lord! all my deſire is before Thee, take away from me whatever doth diſpleaſe Thee. Give me an humble Heart, that

that I may be content to be counted as Dung for Thy ſake: Give me an obedient heart, that I may be intirely guided by Thee: Give me a ſtrong heart, that I may cheerfully bear whatever thy hand lays upon me: Give me a tender heart, that I may be kindly affectionate to my Neighbour: Give me a free heart, that nothing may hinder me from running to Thee: Give me a heart of Fleſh, that I may love Thee perfectly.

Praiſe ye the Lord. I will praiſe the Lord with my whole heart in the Aſſembly of the Upright, and in the Congregation. The Works of the Lord are great, ſought out of all them that have pleaſure therein: His Work is honourable and glorious, and his Righteouſneſs endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful Works to be remembred. The Lord is gracious and full of Compaſſion, he hath given Meat to them that fear him, he will ever be mindful of his Covenant; He hath ſhewed his People the Power of his Works, that he may give them the Heritage of the Heathen. The Works of his hands are Verity and Judgment; all his Commandments are ſure, they ſtand faſt for ever and ever, and are done in Truth and Uprightneſs. He ſent Redemption unto his People:

He

He hath commanded his Covenant for ever: Holy and Reverend is his Name: He raises the Poor out of the Dust, and lifts the Needy out of the Dunghil, that he may set him with Princes, even with the Princes of his People. Praise ye the Lord.

II.

I must pray for the Congregation, and my Fellow Christians, that do eat of the same Bread, and drink of the same Cup with me; that they may all be satisfied, as with Marrow and Fatness, and their Souls may live.

I must beg, that none of them may receive the Grace of God in vain, That they may keep and stand to the Condition of the Covenant they have made or renew'd with God, That they may indeed fight for the future against the World, the Flesh and the Devil, and be more than Conquerors, through him that loved them, the Lord Jesus Christ.

My love to Christ must constrain me to wish and beg, that every May may love him, else he doth not appear truely lovely to me.

I must entreat the Father of Mercies to dispense his Spirit abundantly at this time, That the love of Christ prevailing may pull down in my Fellow-Receivers all the Strongholds of Iniquity, and all Imaginations which exalt themselves against the Obedience of Christ Jesus; That Christ may reign victoriously in every one of them, live in them,

act in them, govern them by his Spirit, That they may indeed bring forth the Fruits of the Spirit, Love, Joy, Peace, Goodness, Faith, Gentleness, Meekness, Temperance, *&c.*

I must be importunate with God to make them all Partakers of the Benefits of Christ's Death and Passion, even of that Pardon, and Peace, and Salvation he hath purchased, and cause them to walk worthy of it, like persons that are sensible of the greatness of the Favour, and the depth, and breadth, and length, and height of the love of God, and consequently may be fill'd with all the fulness of God.

III.

I must be thankful for the Honour I have received at such a time. I must look upon't as more than ordinary Preferment, that God hath vouchsafed me a place at his Table, admitted me into the number of his Children, made me Partaker of the promises of the Gospel, open'd his Bosom to me, received me into Favour, assisted me with the Spirit, given me a right to the Tree of Life; and visited me with his Salvation.

Here the Words of *David* may justly be applied, My Soul shall joy in Thy Strength, O Lord; and in Thy Salvation how greatly may I rejoyce! Thou hast given me my hearts desire, and hast not withheld the Request of my Lips, Thou hast prevented me with

the

the Blessings of Goodness, Thou settest a Crown of pure Gold on my head. I asked Life of Thee, and Thou gavest it me, even length of days for ever and ever. My Glory is great in Thy Salvation, Honor and Majesty hast Thou laid upon me; for Thou hast made me Blessed for ever. Thou hast made me exceeding glad with Thy Countenance. Therefore will I trust in the Lord, and through the Mercy of the Most High I shall not miscarry. Thine hand shall find out all my Spiritual Enemies, Thy right hand shall find out all those that hate Thee. Be Thou exalted, Lord, in Thine own strength, so will we sing and praise Thy Power.

IV.

I must go home rejoycing, and praising God. Praise is comely for the Upright; the poor Cripple did so when he was healed, and have not I far greater reason to do so? Behold, I am healed at this time from mine Infirmity, and shall not his Praise be continually in my mouth?

I must say in my heart, My Soul doth magnifie the Lord, and my Spirit rejoyces in God, my Salvation? I will extol Thee, O God my King, and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever. O all ye that fear the Lord, come and I will tell ye what he hath done for my Soul. His Love

hath overcome my corruption, his fervent Charity my coldneſs, his Goodneſs my ſins and follies. Except the Lord had been on my ſide, now might I ſay, if the Lord had not been on my ſide when Temptations and Corruptions roſe up againſt me, then they had ſwallowed me up quick, when their Wrath was kindled againſt me, then the Waters had overwhelmed me, the Stream had gone over my Soul: Bleſſed be the Lord, who hath not given me over as a Prey unto their teeth. My Soul is eſcaped as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowlers; the Snare is broken, and I am eſcaped. My help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth.

V.

Being made whole, I muſt for the future take heed, and ſin wilfully no more: Having waſhed my Feet, I muſt not defile them again.

I muſt ſtand upon my watch, & ſhun thoſe Occaſions which formerly led me into ſin.

I muſt be cautious and afraid of an ill Word, as much as of an evil Action, and my very Thoughts muſt be purged from that filth, that uſed to cleave to them.

I muſt ſtrangle an evil ſuggeſtion in its birth, and when I find any motion riſing in my mind, that looks like Envy, or Pride, or deſire of Vain-glory, or greedineſs after the World, I muſt check it upon its firſt appearance.

I must bid an eternal farewel to Unbelief and Mistrust of God's Providence, and shun those sinful compliances with Men, which heretofore I was used to be guilty of.

I must not only watch against grosser Sins, and such as Jews and Heathens can avoid, but against the secret disorders and errors of my Heart, which none sees but God, who is over all, Blessed for evermore.

VI.

I must frequently compare my Actions and Behaviour with the Vow and Promise, and solemn Resolution I have made in the Holy Sacrament, whether my Deportment be agreeable to those Engagements; Whether I stand in awe of those Vows and Promises; And whether they influence my Thoughts, and Words and Practices; Whether my hatred of Sin encreases, and my love to Holiness grows steady and unmoveable; Whether I check myself upon feeling an inclination or propensity to a sinful act with such thoughts as these: Is this the effect of my late Vow? Is this to stand to the Covenant I lately made with God; Is it possible I can be so perfidious, as to break with God? Hath the Cross of Christ so little power with me? Shall it not restrain me from such a sin, as this? Foolish Creature! Shall a little Profit or Pleasure tempt me to please the Devil, and wrong my Immortal Soul? I am tied by a

ſolemn Promiſe, made in a moſt ſolemn Place, by a Promiſe made to God, by a Promiſe ſealed with the Blood of Jeſus, not to do it; and ſhall I preſume to do it, or hope for Pardon, after this Preſumption?

I muſt take notice, Whether the thoughts of Chriſt's Death make my Paſſions weak; Whether they leſſen the heat of them; Whether they repreſs their fierceneſs; Whether they work in me that contempt of the World, which was ſo ſignal in my dear Lord and Maſter.

I muſt ever and anon look, how my Graces thrive, whether no Weeds grow among them that are like to choke the wholeſome Herbs.

VII.

I muſt now ſtudy Self-denial, even in things lawful, and that ſeem to have no harm in them. Self-denial in Eating and Drinking, in my Cloaths, in my Recreations, in my Time, in my Diſcourſes, in my Wit, in my Reading, in my Profit, in my Eaſe, and in my Sleep.

I muſt now take heed, I do not eat and drink to ſatiety, but labour ſtill to riſe from my Meals with an Appetite.

I muſt now and then humble my Soul with a religious Faſt, and many times forbear eating of that Diſh I have moſt mind to, to bring my ſenſual Deſires into order.

I muſt

I must not imitate every vain fashion I see other people use, but must be very modest and decent in my Garb; and, having means and opportunities to buy me better, reserve that Mony, I would have laid out upon a richer Suit, for Pious Uses.

I must not think every Recreation lawful, because it's commonly used by Men who are none of the worst. I must not encourage the vanity of Men and Women, that are in love with Stage-Plays by my example; as being things I abjured in my Baptism: But my Recreation must be such as may fit me for Spiritual Devotions.

I must not spend my time, as some luxurious and idle people do, in needless and complemental Visits, in playing at Cards and Dice; but in Words and Actions, and Discourses, that may be useful and profitable either to the Souls or Bodies of my Family, and my Neighbours.

I must not censure or judge my Neighbour rashly in my Speeches and Discourses; and not be easily drawn to give a Verdict or Judgment of People, except it be in their praise and commendation, if they do deserve it.

I must not give myself too great liberty in jesting; but forbear blurting out a witty Saying, if it be smutty or abusive; or any way prejudicial to my Neighbors credit and reputation.

I must not give myself to reading of Ro-

mances, and such Books as serve to render the Mind vain, and the Affections loose, and regardless of Spiritual things.

I must express my Gratitude to God, for the temporal Gain and Profit his Hand sends me, by consecrating some part of it to good uses; nor must I be fond of that Profit, which ariseth from undermining my Neighbour.

I must not study the ease of my flesh much; but take opportunities to use it to some hardships, that it may become more obedient to my Reason.

I must not stay at my Sport, so long as my sensual Desires crave, but use only so much of it, as may render me serviceable to God and man.

CHAP. V.

Of the absolute necessity of living up to the Rules aforesaid.

Conscience.

AND dost thou verily believe, that this is the way to Eternal Life?

Christ. Yes certainly; for this is the way that the Primitive Believers walked in. They did not think that Heaven was to be gained at a cheaper rate, and why should I? Thus did the Apostles, thus did their Followers, and without such Self-denial, they thought there

there was no arriving to Happineſs. Beſides, this is moſt agreeable to the Precepts of the Goſpel; and why ſhould I think, that I may be ſaved another way, than God himſelf hath appointed?

Conſc. If thou art perſuaded, that this is the way; Lord, Why doſt not thou ſet about it? Why art thou ſo loth to come to it? Why doſt thou act ſo contrary to it, when every moment thou art in danger of Death, and upon thy Death there depends Eternity?

Chriſt. O this baſe, this wicked, World hinders me, the ill Examples of my careleſs Neighbours, care of getting a Livelihood, the many Groſſes and Diſappointments I meet with, Hopes of having more time hereafter; the Company I converſe with, the People I have to deal with, fear of Want, and the Calling and Condition I am in, are ſuch impediments I know not how to ſhake off.

Conſc. Is it not poſſible to live in the World, and to keep thyſelf unſpotted from it? If it be not, live a Beggar rather; live deſpiſed, live contemptible, live diſregarded by all Men, rather than not enter into theſe everlaſting Joys. Shall a pleaſant ſinful Life hinder thee from the everlaſting Enjoyment of God? Shall the fawnings and applauſes of Men hinder thee from the Eternal applauſe of Angels? Think, if thou wert ſtanding at the Great Tribunal, trembling at the Eternal horror thou art condemned to; think,

whether thou would'ſt not wiſh, that thou hadſt lived in Caves and Holes, poor, deſtitute, afflicted, for a few years, rather than have come to this miſerable end? Why ſhould the Examples of thy careleſs Neighbours move thee, when thou knoweſt there are but few that will be ſaved? Canſt not thou get a livelihood, except thou art rich and greedy after the Glories of the World? If thou canſt but get Food and Raiment, content thyſelf; and that moſt certainly thou wilt get, if thou art induſtrious in thy lawful Calling, and dareſt but truſt God. Croſſes, Loſſes and Diſappointments are neceſſary for thee, to drive thee from Earth to Heaven; and if all this while thou doſt not loſe thy Soul, thou art ſafe enough. Do but look upon thy Soul as worth more than a thouſand Worlds, and none of theſe things will deject thee. Thy hopes of having time to repent hereafter is a mere cheat; and if thou truſt to that, thou wilt never be ſaved. A Spiritual Life is a thing of labor and pains, and circumſpection; and canſt thou be ſo filly, as to think a few careleſs Prayers will at laſt plant it in thee? Alas! Theſe are childiſh Reaſonings. The Company thou converſeſt withal, if they are thy Bane, muſt be ſhaken off, what ever comes on't. There is no dallying in a thing of this conſequence; and if other Men will poiſon themſelves, why ſhouldeſt thou? Let the people thou dealeſt with

with be never so bad, that's no Example for thee to follow. If they are unreasonable, why should'st thou lose thy wits, and thy Salvation, for their sakes? If they cheat or abuse thee, they do themselves more wrong than thee; nor will thy fuming and fretting at them, convert, or bring them into a better temper. Why should'st thou be afraid of Want, when thou dost not see a Bird starve or die for want of Food? And can Want be grievous, when the Author and Captain of thy Salvation was in want, and his Followers were so too, and yet did live in Heaven? Either thy Calling is honest, or dishonest, if dishonest, and an inevitable occasion of sinning, away with it, and turn Plowman or Servant, rather than live in it: If honest, do not involve thy self in too much business, for that will certainly hinder thee from frequent Prayer and Meditation, and looking after the concerns of thy Soul: And as for Necessaries, thy God will not suffer thee to want them.

Lift up thine Eyes, look upon this World: The greatest part of the Men thou seest, will certainly be eternally miserable. Why should'st thou venture with them? Dost thou think, that howling with them at last, will give thee any comfort? There is a Prize put into thy hand, why should'st thou slight it, and lament thy contempt for ever? Neglect not the present time: Do not let this opportuni-

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ty ſlip: Thy God waits for thee: Come in before the Door be ſhut, believe in good earneſt, and nothing will ſeem difficult.

Chriſt. I am convinced; I yield; I have nothing to ſay againſt all this. Great God! Help me: Draw me after thee, and I will run. Up, up, my lazy, idle, ſleeping, Soul! Open thine Eyes; put on Reſolution; waſh away thy filth; ſhake off thy Priſon-Garments; gird up thy Loins; make haſte, run to God, break the Chains of Sin, and preſent thy Heart to the living God. Liſt up thine Eyes; Look into Heaven; liſten with thine Ears; view the Holy Angels, hearken to their Hallelujah's; chaſe away thy darkneſs; cleanſe thyſelf; become an humble Spouſe of the Lord Jeſus; feed thyſelf with his Beauty, kiſs him with the Lips of Faith; Make him thy Darling, receive him into thy Boſome; quench thy Thirſt with his Blood; hold him faſt; do not let him go; ſing his Praiſes; admire his Love; meet him by Repentance; keep him by Holy Fervors; Honor his Name, dare to ſpeak for him; be not aſhamed of him; confeſs him before Men, and he will confeſs thee before his Father, and his Holy Angels.

PRAY-

PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS

To be used Before and After Receiving of the *Holy Sacrament* of the *LORDS SUPPER.*

I.

A Confession to be said by way of Preparation.

O Thou great Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier of Men! When I reflect upon my Life, how contrary to Thy Holy and wholsom Laws, how unlike the Lives of Thy Saints, how unworthy of Thy Mercies and Favours it hath been; how can I forbear blushing! How can I forbear prostrating myself before Thee! How can I forbear falling into the humblest postures my Soul and Body is capable of! How have I abused Thy Goodness! How have I affronted Thy Charity! How have I trespassed upon thy Patience!

ence! How have I resisted thy tender Calls! How hast Thou waited for me, while I have been stubborn! How hast Thou courted me, while I have been vain! How hast Thou caress'd me, while I have been careless! How deep ought my contrition to be! How profound my sorrow! How profuse my tears! I have mourned for a dead Corps; I have wept for a deceased Relation; I have grieved to see the Body of my Friend left without a Soul: Yet have not mourned for God's departing from me, nor wept for the deadness of my Heart, nor grieved to see myself deprived of Thy Grace and Mercy.

O my Lord! I see my folly, I perceive I have gone astray, I am sensible I have dishonoured Thee! How different do my Sins appear to me now, from what they did before! They look more dismal, more dreadful, more bloudy, than once they did! Now I would mourn, now I would take on for them, now I would deplore them! O touch this frozen Heart, that it may melt! O Jesu! Look upon these Eyes of mine, that they may flow with Water! O behold me from the Cross, that I may weep bitterly! There is hopes, that if I mourn I shall be comforted; if I weep, I shall laugh at last; if I grieve, I shall rejoyce. O my God, I long to hear Thy joyful voice; *Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee*! I long to rejoyce in Thee! I long to be blessed with the light of Thy Coun-

Countenance! But the Sun will not ſhine out, till after the Rain. O then water this Face of mine, ſpeak the Word, bid the Waters flow, bid penitential Showres enrich this barren Ground, and I ſhall feel Thy warmer Beams; Thy Love will refreſh me; Thy Preſence will revive me, and my Garments of Heavineſs will be turned into Garments of Praiſe and Exultation. O My Jeſus! Thou hangedſt naked on the Croſs, that I might be deck'd with Thy Purple Robes! Thou waſt wounded, that I might be healed! O heal me, and I ſhall be healed! Come, deareſt Phyſician, and Thy Servant ſhall be whole.

Behold, Lord! Here comes a poor Prodigal quaking, and trembling to Thy Throne! I come from a far Country, from the Land of Darkneſs, from the Borders of the Burning Lake, from the *Frontiers* of Hell. I come miſerable and naked! I come begging, that Thou wouldſt put a Ring upon my Finger, and betroth me unto Thyſelf in righteouſneſs. The Mercy is too big for me to ask, but not for Thee to grant. I have no merit, I can plead no deſert. Here Thou ſeeſt nothing but filthy Rags. O throw Thy Mantle over me! I have heard, that Thou loveſt to manifeſt Thy greateſt power in the greateſt weakneſs, Thy greateſt ſtrength in the greateſt infirmity. I have heard, Thou loveſt to ſpread Thy Skirts over thoſe that are deſtitute, and afflicted, that are caſt abroad, have

no Eye to pity them, and know not where to addreſs themſelves for relief. Thou haſt promiſed to ſuch, to open Rivers for them in high places, and Fountains in the midſt of valleys. When the needy and thirſty ſeek for Water, Thou, the God of *Iſrael*, wilt not forſake them.

O my Lord! If Miſery be a motive to Mercy, here Thou ſeeſt it in the higheſt degree! What mighty, what marvellous, things haſt Thou done for me! Yet have I run away from Thee! What haſte have I made to get out of Thy ſight! how afraid have I been of ſerving Thee! Thou haſt been my greateſt Friend, and I have uſed Thee like an Enemy! How have I ſhunn'd Thy Counſels, as if they had been big with Death and Thunder! Ah fooliſh Creature! How have I forſaken Thee, the Fountain of living Waters! How fond have I been of broken Ciſterns! How enamoured with muddy Puddles! Ah, my Father, how didſt Thou pity me! How didſt Thou bewail my blindneſs! With what ſorrowful Eyes didſt Thou look upon my wilfulneſs! Behold, My Lord! I do return. I return, that I may look upon Thee; I return, that thou mayſt look upon me! I return, O do Thou rejoyce over me! O let there be joy in the preſence of Thy holy Angels over this Sinner, who repents! I am troubled, I am exceedingly troubled, that I have made no anſwerable returns to Thy

Love;

Love; that Thy Grace hath been beſtowed upon me in vain; that Thy Mercy hath been thrown away upon ſuch a Wretch: Oh the baſeneſs! Oh the ingratitude! Oh the diſingenuity! that I have been guilty of! Thou haſt been my greateſt Benefactor! How freely, how lovingly, how candidly, haſt Thou viſited me! Yet I have reſiſted Thy Power, deſpiſed Thy Wiſdom, undervalued Thy Goodneſs! Thou would'ſt have torn down my ſtrong-holds of iniquity, and I would not, Thou would'ſt have taught me my Duty to God and Man, and I refuſed it, Thou would'ſt have made me Holy, as Thou art Holy, and I ſcorned it Ungrateful Worm! Do I thus reward the Lord my God! Could I recompenſe ſuch Mercies with ſuch Sins! Such Favours with ſuch groſs neglects! Thy Condeſcenſion with Pride! Thy Humiliation with Envy! Thy Love with Anger! Thy Bounty with ſlight and ſlovenly Performances! Thy Bowels with Diſobedience! Thy Charity with contempt of my Neighbour! Thy Bleſſings with Revenge! Thy Benefits with averſeneſs from Virtue and Goodneſs! Thy Munificence with Vanity! And the Showres of Thy Grace with Earthly-mindedneſs!

Ah! How are my Sins multiplied! How like a heavy burden are they become, too heavy for me to bear! But Oh my God! Thy Mercy is over all Thy Works! Thy Mercy

is greater than my Sins! My Sins have taken hold upon me! What ſhall I do? I am a burden to myſelf: I am bow'd down with the weight of my Tranſgreſſions. Whither, O my Lord, ſhould I go, but to Thee, who haſt the words of Eternal Life? Thou haſt pity on Sinners, Thou converſeſt with them, Thou eateſt with them; receive me graciouſly, love me freely; think upon Thy Mercy, think upon Thy Blood; think upon Thy Tears; and accept of me! I am ſurrounded with Dangers, encompaſſed with Enemies, encircled with helliſh Monſters; yet in the midſt of theſe Preſſures, I hear Thee ſaying, *Come to me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden.* Shall I hide myſelf as *Adam* did in Paradiſe! Shall this Word fright me away? Shall I refuſe to come when Thou calleſt in this ſtill voice? No, No, I will confeſs my Tranſgreſſion, and Thou wilt forgive the iniquity of my Sin. I will harden my Heart no more; I will turn a deaf Ear to Thee no more, I will ſtand out no longer; I will reſiſt Thy Light no longer; I will grieve Thee no more, I will afflict and vex Thy Holy Spirit no more.

O infinite Goodneſs! O wonderful Love! though with the Publican I dare not lift up my Eyes to Heaven, yet with the humble *Magdalen* I will come behind Thee weeping, and waſh Thy Feet with my Tears and kiſs them. O let me hear the bleſſed News

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of Pardon from Thy Mouth! Thou cameſt, Lord, Thou cameſt, not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance; and of theſe I am chief! If Thou wilt converſe with Sinners, here is one that wants Thy help, and that ſtands in need of Thy Cure, full of Diſeaſes, full of Sores, full of Weakneſs, full of Errors, full of Infirmities, a Prodigy of Frailty. Here, Lord, here, is work for Thy ſtrong Hand, and for Thy mighty Arm: In this Heart are Devils that muſt be expelled by Thy Power. Stretch forth Thy Hand, and ſave me. Here is an Object to exerciſe Thy Omnipotent Hand upon. My Cure requires Miracles: It's no ordinary Virtue that will ſet me to rights again. Thou, Thou, O Lord, muſt come and ſtrike Thy Hand over the ſore place, and my Leproſie will be gone.

Thy Prophet cries by Thy Order, *Return unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, ſlow to anger, and repents him of the evil!* I believe, Lord! I believe; My Heart is wounded within me. I come, I come. Father, I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy Son; make me as one of Thy hired Servants. But then I deſire no other hire, no other Wages, but Thyſelf: Thou art my exceeding great reward.

Oh! how bitter a thing is it to forſake Thee! What have I got by offending Thee! What have I gained by ſinning againſt Thee!

No-

Nothing but Shame, and Horror, and Trembling, and Confuſion. Darkneſs hath covered me, the Shadow of Death hath fallen upon me! What fruit had I then in thoſe things, whereof I am now aſhamed! My Soul hath been diveſted of her Innocence, her Joy, her Peace, her Comfort, and her Satisfaction. And, O my Jeſus, didſt not Thou ſtand my Friend now; Great Mediator, didſt not Thou ſtand in the Gap now, and plead for me; O my Redeemer, didſt not Thou intercede for me; I muſt be proſtituted, and expoſed to eternal Laughter and Deriſion! Good Lord! How pitiful, how wretched, how trivial, how impertinent, how inconſiderable was that Pleaſure, that Profit, that Thing, for which I did affront and diſhonour Thee! When I look upon Thy Creatures, either above, or below; I wonder, how they were able to contain themſelves, and not vindicate their Maſters Honor, which they ſaw abuſed by me; I wonder, they did not fall upon me, and cruſh me into perdition, when they ſaw, how bold, how preſumptuous, this Caitiff was!

O my Lord! For this my Soul ſhall mourn in ſecret; even for this, that I have not loved Thee better, that I have not ſought Thee more, that I have not approach'd Thee with greater veneration! Hence forward, Lord, if all the Pleaſures, all the Riches, all the Honors of this World, were con-

concentered in this Sin, that formerly I lived in, it ſhould be no temptation to me. I would tear the Tyrant out of its Seat: It ſhould uſurp Thy place no more: I would pull it out of its Throne, it ſhould find no harbour in me: Thy Love ſhould conſtrain me to part with it. I will crucifie Thee no more. I have trampled too long upon Thy Mercy. I will make light of it no more!

O my Jeſus! Remember Thy Agonies, remember Thy Pain, remember Thy Sufferings, remember Thy Death, and forget my Sins. Thy Servant *David* cryed once, *I have ſinned*, and Thou didſt preſently take away his Sin. My ſighing is not hid from Thee. O do not hide Thy Face from me! *Manaſſeh* look'd up to Thee, and Thou hadſt reſpect unto his Prayer. O give ear to my Prayer too, that goes not out of feigned Lips! The *Ninevites* humbled themſelves, and Thou waſt entreated. O repent Thyſelf of the evil Thou haſt ſaid Thou would'ſt do unto me, and do it not. *Peter* wept, and Thou gaveſt him a gracious Look. I water my Couch with my tears; O ſmile upon me too, and ſay, *I have redeemed thee, thou art mine.*

I love Thee, O Lord, and would have every Creature love Thee. I would have all things, that have breath, praiſe the Lord. I would have every Creature ſhew forth Thy Glory. Thou haſt loved me from all Eternity!

nity! Was ever ſuch Love heard of, as Thine was! To come from the Manſions of the Bleſſed, into a Valley of Tears, to advance ſuch a Creature from Death to Life Eternal! Thou haſt made my Death a harmleſs, nay, a gainful thing. Thy Croſs hath ſweetned all; there was Death in the Pot, but Thou threweſt in Meal, and didſt ſweeten all. O blot out the very Footſteps of my Sins, and ſet me as a Seal upon Thy Heart; ſo will I give Thanks in the great Congregation, my Lips ſhall praiſe Thee.

O my Life! I would prefer Thee above all Thy Creatures! I would look upon all theſe outward Comforts as a Drop in the Bucket, and on Thee as the Ocean; on theſe, as the ſmall Duſt in the Ballance; on Thee, as the Rock of Ages. I would love Thee with all my Heart, I would love Thee more than myſelf! O that my whole Mind were united to Thee! O that I might know nothing ſave Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified! O that all the Powers of my Soul might embrace Thee! O that I might ſeek Thy Glory with ſtronger Deſires than Worldlings do their Wealth, or the Covetous the encreaſe of their Incomes! O that I could adhere unto Thee inſeparably! O withdraw my Heart from every evil way! Encline my Heart to all Goodneſs: Let not my Affections be henceforth corrupted with Love of the Creature: Let me not be weary

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of loving Thee: Let nothing over come my Love, let nothing damp it. O enable me to say, *Who shall separate me from the love of God?* O draw my Soul with Cords of Love, with this Love wound and pierce my heart, and make it sick, that it may insatiably long for Thee! O I could love Thee without ceasing, love Thee without Bounds, love Thee without measure! O let my Soul melt with this Fire! And purge away that filth which doth so easily beset me! Take away from me all that doth displease Thee; refine in me all that pleases Thee; be Thou ever present with me; live in me, Thou Fountain of Life; and let me live in Thee and let that Charity live in me, which suffers long, and is kind; which envies not, which vaunteth not itself, which is not puft up, which doth not behave itself unseemly, seeks not her own, is not easily provoked, thinks no evil, rejoyces not in iniquity, but rejoyces in the truth, bears all things, believes all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, through Jesus Christ our Lord, *Amen.*

A Prayer for Faith.

O Thou, from whom every good and perfect Gift descends, who givest to all Men liberally, and upbraidest not; Thou calleſt, *Seek ye my Face*; Thy Face, Lord, will

will I ſeek! Thou haſt ſaid, O Lord, Thy Mouth hath ſpoken it, If ye had but Faith as a grain of Muſtard-ſeed, ye ſhould ſay unto this Mountain, be thou removed, and caſt into the Sea, and it ſhould obey you. O my Lord! I have Rocks to be diſplaced, Mountains to be removed, vaſt loads to be freed from; Rocks of Unbelief, Mountains of Sin, Loads of Iniquity! Oh lend me Thy helping Hand. None can give relief, none can ſuccour, none can do me any good, but Thyſelf. How dark, how dull how doubtful, is my Faith! Sometimes it blazes, then it diſappears again; ſometimes it's vigorous, then ſlack, and grows remiſs again. I believe Thee in Sun-ſhine, and faint in a Storm; ſometimes I get a ſight of Thy Glory, then I loſe it again. Oh how uneven is my Faith! When Thy Candle ſhines over my Head, and I waſh my Feet in Butter, I believe; but where is my Faith in the dark, when the Fig-tree doth not bloſſom, when there is no Fruit in the Vine; when the labour of the Olive doth fail! O how it ſinks at ſuch times! Oh how weak it grows! Lord, I believe, help my unbelief! O Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs, Thou bright Morning Star, Thou mighty Star of *Jacob*, ſhine upon me, ſhine upon this dark Soul of mine, preſs in by Thy piercing Beams, ſcatter the Clouds of my unbelief; Diſpel thoſe Miſts, as Chaff is driven away by the Wind, ſo

drive

drive them away, O Thou Holy One of *Iſrael.*

I believe, but my Faith doth not rouze me from my ſpiritual ſlumber; I believe, but my Faith doth not overcome difficulties; I believe, but my Faith doth not put me upon Self-denial; I believe, but my Faith doth not engage me to that cautiouſneſs of offending Thee, which is neceſſary to Salvation; I believe, but my Faith doth not make me laborious, doth not make me ſtrive, and fight, and work, and enter in at the ſtrait Gate; I do not believe, as if I ſaw. My Faith is not the ſubſtance of things unſeen. I do not repreſent that future Glory to my Mind in ſuch lively Characters, as if it were preſent to my ſight. I ſeem to rejoyce in Thy Promiſes; but when I am to apply them, what doubts, what ſcruples, what perplexities ariſe in my mind! I believe Thou haſt overcome Death; yet how do I tremble at its approaches! I believe Thou art preſent with me in affliction; yet how often do I loſe Thy Image! I believe, my deareſt Lord, that Thou cameſt from Heaven to reveal to me Thy Fathers Will; yet I do not ſo readily obey it as I would! I believe, but am too often overcome by a Paſſion, too often by a Temptation, too often by the World!

O my Lord! give me an active Faith, a working Faith, a vigorous Faith, a lively

Faith, an effectual Faith; a Faith which may oblige me to ſhake off all Dulneſs, all Drowzineſs, all Lazineſs, and which may make me awake to Righteouſneſs. Give me a Faith, that may ſurmount all hardſhips, may be afraid of nothing, of no Bear, no Lion in the way. Give me a Faith that may make me bold as a Lion, courageous in Danger, reſolute in the greateſt Tryals, and magnanimous under the greateſt Burdens. A Faith I want, which may make all that is within me ſtoop to the Yoke of Jeſus, which may croſs my Fleſh and Blood, crucifie my vain Deſires, and daſh mine inordinate Affections. O give me a Faith, which may make me tender of Thy Glory, loth to do any thing that may be offenſive to Thee, unwilling to diſpleaſe Thee the Author of my Being. Give me a Faith which may oblige me to labour in Thy Vineyard, and work out my Salvation with fear and trembling; a Faith that may look into Eternity, ſurvey the Glorious Manſions prepared by the Son of God, live there, and converſe there, and draw Comforts and Conſolations from that perfection of Glory; a Faith which may live upon Thy Promiſes, lay hold on them in deſpight of oppoſition, and claim them as my Heritage for ever; a Faith which may look Death in the Face, defie its Power, ſupport itſelf with Chriſt's Victory, and ſing with Triumph over it, *Oh Death! Where*

Where is thy Sting? A Faith which may make Affliction eaſie, my Burden light, and ſweeten all my Troubles; a Faith which may purifie my Heart, conſtrain me to Obedience, and compel me to a cheerful running at Thy Command and Order; a Faith which may controul all my Luſts, check my inordinate Deſires, bear down all before it, ſet up the Lord Jeſus in my Soul, and make every imagination ſubject to him, who muſt reign till he hath put all Enemies under his Feet.

O Bleſſed Light! which enlighteneſt every Man that comes into the World! Direct my Steps, illuminate my Underſtanding, ſhew me the way I muſt walk in, that no Error may miſlead me, no falſe Doctrine corrupt me, no Hereſie deceive me, no falſe Fire beguile me; ſtretch forth Thy Hand, and hold Thou up my Goings in Thy Path, that I may get ſafe to my Journeys end. I am a Traveller and Pilgrim here, go Thou before me, and I'll follow Thee; lead me through this barren Wilderneſs, and leave me not till I enter into *Canaan*. It is not, Lord, of him that runs, nor of him that wills, but of Thee who ſheweſt Mercy. As Fleſh and Blood could not have revealed theſe things unto me, ſo Thou alone muſt enable my Faith to quench all the fiery Darts of the Devil. Ariſe, O God, and let Thine Enemies be ſcattered.

O how am I beholden to Thee! What

Thanks, what Praiſes do I owe Thee, that Thou haſt call'd me to the light of Thy Goſpel! That Thou haſt diſcover'd to me thoſe Errors which Perſons of other Religions in the World lie involved in! That I have liberty to read Thy Word, to peruſe it, and to know the things belonging to my Peace! Thou haſt not dealt ſo with other Perſons; and as for Thy Judgments, they have not known them. But what will this Knowledge profit me, if my Practice be not ſuitable, or my Belief ſtrong, and firm, and vigorous? I tremble to think how many thouſands are like to periſh for want of this Faith. Ah! how few do believe in good earneſt! How few believe with any lively Affections! How few act, and live, as if they did believe! O moſt patient God, pity, pity, that vaſt multitude of Chriſtian Unbelievers! See how Hell hath opened her Mouth to ſwallow them up! O Thou that haſt redeemed them with Thy Blood! Why ſhould the Enemy run away with Thy Purchaſe! See how theſe poor Creatures wander like Sheep without a Shepherd! O gather them! O ſeek them, that Thou may'ſt find them! Undeceive them, let them ſee how far they are from the Kingdom of God! O my Lord! I believe that Thou art and wilt be a Rewarder to them that diligently ſeek Thee; I believe, if any Man will do Thy Will, he ſhall know of Thy Do-

Doctrine, whether it be of God or no; I believe, that not the leaſt title of Thy Word ſhall fail: O encreaſe my Belief! Let not my Faith reſt upon Thy Doctrine only; but let it have regard to all Thy Laws! O let me ſo believe an approaching Eternity, as to be concerned at the thoughts of it! O let me not only talk of it, but let my Belief rouze my affections from their ſlumber.

O my Jeſus! I believe Thou waſt crucified for my Sins; How then ſhould I live in ſin! Aſſure me, that if I do, I do but mock Thee: How can I believe my Sin odious, while I embrace and cheriſh it! How can I believe it killed Thee, while I make much of it! How can I believe it drew Sweats of Blood from Thee, while I water it, and keep it warm! O I am weary of this vain Belief; rid me of it; deliver me from it! Let all my Neighbours ſee, that I believe theſe things indeed. Let the World ſee by my Converſation, that theſe things Work upon me. O let me not only believe theſe great Things, but live them over! Come forth, my deareſt Lord, and meet me! No man can come to Thee, but he whom Thou draweſt to Thee! O let me touch but the Hem of Thy Garment, and I ſhall recover! Let me ſo believe in Thee, that it may appear Thou liveſt in me, that I may at laſt obtain the end of my Faith;

even the Salvation of my Soul; Great Author and Finisher of my Faith, hear me for Thy Mercies sake. *Amen.*

III.

A Prayer for a lively Hope.

O Thou in whom my Fathers hoped! they hoped in Thee, and Thou didst deliver them; Thou art all Goodness, all Sweetness, all Clemency; who would not hope in Thee! Thy Mercies bid me hope, Thy Promises bid me hope, and all Thy Revelations bid me hope. O Thou Hope of *Israel!* Here I am, here I lie prostrate before Thy Face; here my Soul intends to breath out her Desires! O my Lord! When will that happy Day come, that Glorious Day which shall have no Night, no Clouds, no Darkness! Thou hast spoke of it; Thy Prophets have seen Visions of it; Thy Apostles have declared it; One was wrapt up above the Clouds to take a view of it. The Son that came out of Thy Bosom hath assured me of it. It is the bright day, when I shall enter into Thy Joy, be made a Coheir with Christ, be clothed in White, shine as the Stars, look upon Thee, and not be ashamed! Thou hast promised it, and shall not I hope for it? O my Lord, that seest me, that art present with me, and knowest my Heart

Heart, my Sighs, my Desires, Thou knowest I hope for it! O let this Hope be lively, let it be a Hope which may purifie me, even as God is pure. Nay my very flesh shall rest in Hope, and Thou wilt not suffer my Body to see everlasting Corruption; Thou wilt raise me from the Dust at last, all my Bones shall say, Lord, Who is like unto Thee! I know that my Redeemer lives, and that He shall stand at the later day upon the Earth; and though, after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine Eyes shall behold, and not another: And having this Hope, O assist me, O perswade me, O prompt me to cleanse my self from all filthiness, both of Flesh and Spirit, and to perfect Holiness in the fear of God.

Deck my Soul with Humility, with Patience, with Constancy, that no Rods, no Stripes, no Prison, no Torment, no Shipwrack, no perils of Waters, no perils of Robbers, no perils among my own Country-men, no perils among Heathens, no perils in the City, no perils in the Wilderness, no perils in the Sea, no perils among false Brethren, no Weariness, no Painfulness, no Watchings, no Hunger, no Thirst, no Cold, no Nakedness, no Weakness, no Infirmity, no Honour, or Dishonour, no good Report, or evil Report, may discourage me

from truſting in Thee! Though the Lord ſhould kill me, yet let me hope in him. If in this Life only I have Hope in Chriſt, I am of all Men moſt miſerable. The Lord is my Light, and my Salvation, whom ſhall I fear? The Lord is the ſtrength of my Life, of whom ſhall I be afraid? Though an Hoſt ſhould encamp againſt me, my heart ſhall not fear; though War ſhould riſe againſt me, in this will I be confident; for in the time of Trouble he ſhall hide me in his Pavillion, in the ſecret of his Tabernacle he ſhall hide me, he ſhall ſet me up upon a Rock. Thou art he that took me out of the Womb; Thou didſt make me hope when I was upon my Mothers Breaſts: O let it not be in the power of Men, or Devils, to ſhake this Hope! Let it be my Anchor, ſure and ſtedfaſt, which no Waves, no Billows, no Storms, no Tempeſts can move.

Whatever evils befal me, let me think they come from a Father's Hand. Let no Proſperity, no Sun-ſhine, no Calmneſs, no ſmiling Fortune, ſubvert this Hope in my Soul. Let me look upon all theſe outward Comforts, as Vanity, Vanity of Vanityes, which can give no Eaſe, no Comfort, no Satisfaction to a Soul of a Spiritual Appetite. Let me thirſt after nothing ſo much, as after thy Love, as after Spiritual Bleſſings, as after the hidden Manna, as after

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the white Stone, which no Man knows, ſave he who receives it.

I will not hope in any Creature, I will ariſe, and depart, for here is not my Reſt. Why art thou caſt down, O my Soul, and why art thou diſquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe Him, who is the health of my Countenance, and my God. My Soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him; He only is my Rock, and my Salvation, He is my Defence, I ſhall not be moved. In God is my Salvation, and my Glory, the Rock of my Strength, and my Refuge is in God. Truſt in him at all times, ye People, pour out your Hearts before Him. Thou haſt been a Shelter for me, and a ſtrong Tower from the Enemy. From the end of the Earth will I cry unto Thee, when my Heart is overwhelmed! O my God! my Goodneſs extends not to Thee; The Lord is the Portion of my Inheritance, and of my Cup, Thou maintaineſt my Lot. Who was ever confounded, that truſted in Thee? Who was ever forſaken, that hoped in Thee? Who was ever deſpiſed, that in good earneſt called upon Thee? All hail, my deareſt Lord; my Hope! I love Thee, I embrace Thee, I renounce all thoſe leſſer Goods, which are in the World, that I may make Thee my higheſt, and my chiefeſt Good.

It is true, Lord, I am a Sinner, and have

been a very ungrateful Wretch; the leaſt of Thy Mercies is more than I have deſerved; my very Righteouſneſſes have been as filthy Rags: But I will not truſt in my Bow, neither is it my Sword that ſhall ſave me; but Thy Mercy, O Lord, Thy Mercy, and the Palms of Thy Hands, on which Thou haſt engraven my Name, ſhall be my refuge. I have no merits, no deſerts, to truſt to; I can claim nothing as my Right; all I am, and all I have, is Thy Charity: What Goodneſs there is in me, is intirely owing to Thy Grace and Compaſſion: With this Thou crowneſt me; with this Thou enricheſt me; with this Thou anointeſt my Head, that I may work in Thy Vineyard, and receive the Penny at Night: I confide not in my Works, I depend not upon my Induſtry, I reſt not in my own Labours; but in thy Blood, in Thy Sweat, in Thy good Pleaſure, O Glorious Son of God! Curſed is the Man that truſts in Man, and makes Fleſh his Arm. I will hope in Thy Mercy, my Heart ſhall rejoyce in Thy Salvation: Evening and Morning, and at Noon, will I pray, and Thou wilt hear my voice. Thou haſt ſaid, Ask, and ye ſhall have; Seek, and ye ſhall find; Knock, and it ſhall be opened to you: Who would not hope after this? Who would not relie upon Thee after ſuch a Promiſe? O let me find Grace in the ſight of my Lord! I deſire nothing elſe; this is the height of my

my Wishes; this is it which ingrosses the faculties of my Soul. Thy Grace is the Jewel I want, the Pearl I stand in need of, the Crown my Soul longs for. Thou art my Witness, O Lord, That my Heart thinks so; Thou hast Treasures of Mercy, Thy Stores are large, and inexhaustible! Thou bid'st me come, and buy without Mony, and without Price, and my Soul shall live: Thou dost promise me more than Kings can promise; and no wonder, for Thou art greater and richer than all the Kings of the Earth. Thou giveſt Rest to the weary Soul, and Strength to the faint; therefore mine Eyes shall be toward Thee! O let Thine Eyes be open, and Thine Ears attent unto the Prayer of Thy Servant! Do Thou chuse and Sanctifie this House, that Thy Name may be there for ever, and let Thine Eyes, and Thy Heart be here perpetually.

Thy Liberality and Bounty is immense and infinite! I cannot but hope in Thee! O my unbelieving Heart! Could'st thou but Trust Him more, what great things would'st thou see! His Mercy is upon Thee, according as thou hopest in him. The more thou hopest, the greater is His Mercy!

O my Lord! What stupendous Gifts dost Thou present me with! What amazing Offers dost Thou make to my Soul! Thou art not only willing to impart Thy Graces to me; but in Thy *Supper* giveſt me Thy Self!

Self! And here Thou offereſt to carry me in Thy Arms, to be my nurſing Father, and to be Food to my hungry Soul! May it be unto me according to Thy Word! Come, Lord, lodge Thou in my Soul, make it Thy Dwelling-place, anoint it with the Oil of Mercy; I will go and take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. Thy loving kindneſs ſhall be before mine Eyes, and I will walk in thy Truth; I will not ſit with vain Perſons, neither will I go in with the Diſſemblers; I will waſh mine hands in innocency, ſo will I compaſs Thine Altar, O Lord! That I may publiſh with the voice of Thanſgiving, and tell of all Thy wondrous Works: My Heart ſhall be indicting a good Matter, and I will ſpeak of things touching the King of Saints. Into Thy hands I commit my Spirit, Thou haſt redeemed it, O Lord God of Truth! O make Thy Face to ſhine upon Thy Servant, and O let me hope unto the end, for the Grace that is brought unto me, at the Revelation of Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

IV.

A Prayer for Love and Charity.

O Thou who haſt ſo loved the World, as to give Thine only Son to the end, that all that believe in him ſhould not periſh,

riſh, but have everlaſting Life! What ſhall I do to love Thee! What ſhall I do to be united to Thee! What ſhall I do to get a place in Thy Boſom! if I love Thee not, I am undone; if Thou doſt not look exceeding lovely in mine Eyes, I am loſt; if my Affections do not fix upon Thee, I periſh; I cannot be happy without loving Thee! My Soul is deſtitute of her proper Good, if Thou be not the Object of my Delight! I am perfectly miſerable, if Thou be not the Center of my Spirit. Love is the greateſt Gift that's given to poor Creatures: Love enriches their Souls: Love makes their Faces ſhine: Love muſt brighten their Souls, and make them appear lovely in the Eyes of God. O my Lord! Thou haſt given me faculties to love Thee, Underſtanding to contemplate Thy Beauty, and Mercy, and Perfection; Memory to retain the lively apprehenſions of Thy Glory; and a Will to prompt my whole Man into ſuitable Actions! The more I Love Thee, the Holier I am; the more I love Thee, the more I am with Thee: For where I love, there is my Soul; where my Affections are, there is my Spirit; where my Treaſure is, there will my Heart be alſo. Who would look upon a Dunghil, that can view a Glorious Palace! Who would hear the Screeches of Owls and Night-Ravens, that can hear melodious Muſick? And why ſhould I be taken with the

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Pomp and Glory of the World, which in compariſon of Thee is a mere Dunghil? Or with the Careſſes and Praiſes of mortal Men, which are perfect howlings compared with the Harmony Thy Love doth make? Shall I love Honour, and not love Thee who art the Fountain of it? Shall I love Pleaſure, and not love Thee in whoſe Preſence there is fulneſs of Joy? Who can be likened unto Thee, O Lord! And, if nothing can be likened unto Thee, I muſt love nothing like Thee! And if I juſtly love that which is good, I muſt neceſſarily love Thee more than all things in this World; for Thou art infinitely better than all things in this World. There is nothing ſo good, nothing ſo precious, nothing ſo rich, nothing ſo amiable as Thou art.

O my Jeſus! How great is Thy Condeſcenſion! Thou knoweſt I could love nothing ſo well, as what was like me; and in compliance with my Temper, (for Thou kneweſt my Frame,) Thou becameſt like me indeed; the Immortal became mortal; the Eternal became an Infant: If therefore I love Man, who is naturally like me, How much more am I bound to love Thee, who wroughteſt a Miracle to become Man, that Thou mighteſt be like me! Love deſires the preſence of its delightful Object, and can any thing be more preſent than Thou art? Thou art in me, and with me, and without me;

me; Thou art present in all places, at all times, in all Companies; Thou art willing to dwell in me, and to make Thine abode in me; Thou art content never to depart from me. Thou art strangely bountiful; who would not love Thee? Who ever gave greater or larger Gifts, either more in number, or more in quantity, or longer for duration, than Thy liberal Hand? From Thee every good and perfect Gift comes down; whatever Gifts I receive from Thy Creatures, Thou sendest them: The Creatures are but the Chanels or the Pipes, through which they are conveyed; and shall not I love the Fountain more than the Chanel? The Spring more than the Pipe, through which the Water runs? And the great Giver more than the Messengers that carry it? Thou workest in all, Thou inclinest the Hearts of the bountiful, Thou openest their hands, Thou turnest their Hearts into Charity; Thou seasonest their Minds with thoughts of me, and Thou bendest their Wills to do me good! And shall not I look up from the Creature to the Creator, and give him my dearest Love?

I will love Thee, O Lord! I must love Thee, for Thou art sweet beyond comparison, amiable without a Parallel, lovely to a Miracle! Thou art the true Father of my Soul, Thou provideſt for me, Thou takeſt care of

me,

me, Thou art exceeding tender of me, Thou beareſt me on Thy hands, on Thy Wings, Thou carrieſt me, as the Eagle doth her young; nay, Thou offereſt me to be thy Brother, thy Siſter, and thy Mother: For he that doth thy Will, ſhall be all this in thy Eſteem; He ſhall be as dear to Thee, as theſe Relations are to mortal Men. Thou art my Friend indeed! O my Lord, whither doth Thy Love carry Thee! Thou layeſt aſide Thy Glorious Titles, and magnificent Names, and becomeſt my Friend! And never was a truer Friend than Thou art, and haſt been to me! No viciſſitude hath changed Thee, no revolution hath altered Thee, no accident hath eſtranged Thy Heart from me! My unworthineſs doth not turn away Thy Affections from me! Though Thou dwelleſt on high, yet Thou humbleſt Thyſelf to behold the ways of the Children of Men! My Sores do not make Thee loath me, my Infirmities do not move Thee to caſt me away, my Vileneſs doth not tempt Thee to deſpiſe me! Thou loveſt at all times; if I am wounded, Thou bindeſt up my Wounds; if I am broken, Thou healeſt me; if I am grieved, Thou refreſheſt me; if I am in danger, Thou delivereſt me; if under pain, Thou giveſt me eaſe; if under trouble, Thou comforteſt me. O my Jeſus! Thou art gone up to Thy Father, and to my Father, and haſt made us Friends!

Thou

Thou haſt reconciled Him to my Soul! Thou haſt loved me before the Foundation of the World! How often haſt Thou in Mercy look'd upon me! How often haſt Thou pitied me! I was unworthy of Thy compaſſion; yet ſeeing me lie in my Blood, Thou ſaidſt, *Live, in thy Blood, live.*

What ſhall I ſay unto Thee, O Thou great Preſerver of Men? No Words, no Language will reach Thy Love, or give a tolerable deſcription of it; yet ſtill this encreaſes my Obligations to love Thee! And what a mercy is it, that Thou wilt give me leave to love Thee! That this Great, this Glorious, this Immenſe, this Incomprehenſible God will vouchſafe to be loved by a Worm! What a favour is it! Prize it, O my Soul! And think thou heareſt every Creature, that is beneficial to thee, calling upon Thee to love Him! The Sun that ſhines upon thee calls to thee, *I give thee light, that thou mayſt admire the Father of Lights*; ſo doth the Moon, ſo do the Stars, ſo do all thoſe things whereby thou art fed, maintained, clothed and preſerved in Health: Theſe all call, *We ſerve thee that thou mayſt ſerve thy God; and do good to thee, that thou mayſt love Him, whoſe hand hath placed Us in theſe ſtations.* O my God! Shall I have ſuch Monitors to love Thee, and be deaf to the Call? How will all theſe riſe in judgment againſt me one day, if I love Thee not! How juſtly do I

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fall a Sacrifice to Thy wrath, if under ſuch Exhortations I deſpiſe Thy Love!

How many Souls have periſh'd, and I am yet alive! How many have been ſtruck dead in their Sins, and I am yet called to Repentance! How many do yet walk in Darkneſs, and I have the honour to ſee Thy marvellous Light! Thou haſt dealt more kindly by me, than Thou haſt done by others! O how am I bound to love Thee! I ſee the odiouſneſs of that Sin, which others dote on! I ſee the deformity of thoſe Vices, which others wallow in! I ſee the Beauty of that Virtue, which others ſcorn! I ſee the charms of that Grace, which others laugh at! I taſte of thoſe Comforts, which others continue ignorant of! I ſee the reaſonableneſs of Thy Precepts, which others count an intolerable Yoke! I have ſome ſenſe of another World, while thouſands live as if there were none! I ſee the neceſſity of Holineſs, while others make a mock of Sin! What motives are theſe to love Thee! Shall I be afraid, or aſhamed after all this, to love Thee! Every Senſe, I have, bids me love Thee! I cannot ſmell to any thing, but I ſmell the fragrancy of Thy Love. I cannot taſte any thing, but I muſt taſt how Sweet, and how Gracious Thou art! I cannot look upon any thing, but I muſt ſee Thy Goodneſs! The Oil of thy Love ſwims upon every Creature, I touch or feel! That Soul deſerves

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to die, that doth not love Thee! In loving Thee, I live! Thy Love is better than Life! My days will have an end, my life ere long will pass from me! My Riches, my Glory, my Wealth, my Health, my Liberty, my Ease, my Friends, my Acquaintance, they will ere long expire: But if I love Thee, that will remain with me to Eternity! My Love to Thee makes me Thine, and makes Thee mine. By loving Thee, I shew that I am not mine own: Thou hast made me for Thyself, and if I am not Thine, I cannot be mine own; for at that instant that I would be mine own, I cease to be Thine. Thou art to me all that heart can wish, or reason can desire! Thou art my Light, my Pillow, my Rest, my Sun, my Meat, my Drink, my Glory, my Joy: Thou hast given me Thy Son, and in giving him, hast given me more than ten thousand Worlds! And if this be not enough, Thou art ready to give me more; Shew me Thy Love, and it suffices me. Thou hast wounded me with thy Love! I will follow Thee! O let me do Thy Will; let me do that which Thou wilt, and not what I will. Despise me not; forsake me not; O do not go far from me! Draw me after Thee, and I shall run! Wo is me, that I must dwell in *Meshek*, and have my Habitation in the Tents of *Kedar*! O leave me not to myself! I consecrate both my Soul and Body

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to Thee; employ them, O Lord, as it ſhall pleaſe Thee beſt!

O forget me not, and let me never forget Thee! Let me rather die a thouſand deaths, than live without Thee! O let me love Thee ſo, that I may long to draw others to Thy Love! Let me be grieved when Men do not keep Thy Law! Let it go to my Heart to ſee Thee diſhonoured and affronted! Thou threatneſt me with Eternal Flames, if the Flames of Thy Love cannot warm me now. I am not worthy to love Thee, yet Thou art moſt worthy to be loved by me! O let me ſigh, let me pant, let me breath after Thee! O my Life, let me live to Thee! O my Glory, let me be content to die for Thee! O my Refuge, let me ever run to Thee! O Thou Eternal Love, let me be always mindful of Thee! Let me embrace Thee! Let me reſolve not to let Thee go, till Thou haſt brought me to that place where I ſhall be for ever united to Thee?

Withdraw mine Heart from the Creature! Why ſhould it go aſtray from Thee! I am ſenſible, what hurt my love to the Creature hath done me: It hath alienated my Heart from Thee; it hath made Thy Word a ſavour of Death unto Death to me; it hath rendred Thy Promiſes inſipid to me; it hath made me ſlight Thy Service; it hath made Thy ways nauſeous and

irkſome to me; it hath made Thy Laws tedious to me; it hath made me forget the Life I am to live for ever; it hath made me weary of Thy Love, backward to Self-denial, made me aſhamed of Chriſt, cool'd my Zeal, damp'd my religious Deſires; and ſhall I harbour the Viper in my Boſom any more! O throw this Enemy out of my Soul! Diſpoſſeſs it of its habitation, expel it by Thy Power, make it vaniſh by Thy Preſence! I beg not Grace to hate any thing that Thou haſt made; but Thy Aſſiſtance, that I may love the Creature leſs than Thee; I would not have this love of the Creature engroſs my Soul; I would not have it uſurp Authority in my Heart; I would not have it take place of my Love to Thy ſweet Self; I would not have it engroſs my Affections; I would have it ſubordinate to Thy Love; I would have it to be a Servant to my love to Thee; I would not have it rule in me; I would not have it juſtle out Thy Love.

I know, my deareſt Lord, I muſt love my Neighbour too: I cannot love Thee, without I love him with unfeigned Love! I lie, if I ſay I love Thee whom I have not ſeen, when I love not my Brother whom I ſee; but I would not love man better than Thee; I would not obey him more than Thee; I would not comply with him to diſpleaſe Thee; I would not prefer his Smiles or Frowns before Thy Favour, or Thy Indignation;

tion; I would love him for Thee, and in Thee; and, O Thou that haſt loved me, ſo as to die for me, grant me that Charity which is a neceſſary effect of my love to Thee!

Thou haſt loved my Neighbour, as well as myſelf: My Jeſus! Thou haſt died for him, as well as for myſelf! Though I muſt ſtand amazed at the particular Mercy Thou haſt ſhewn to me, yet the light of Thy Favour hath ſhined upon my Fellow-Chriſtians too! O let me love them with a pure heart fervently! Hereby ſhall all Men know, that we are Thy Diſciples, if we love one another. O my Lord; I am reſolved to be Thy Diſciple; and therefore will not only love thoſe that love me, but even thoſe that hate me. O make me tender-hearted, and compaſſionate to my Neighbour! Make me ready to forgive, ready to bear with his Infirmities, ready to relieve him, ready to aſſiſt him, ready to ſuccour him: O let all clamour, and malice and hatred, and evil ſpeaking and cenſoriouſneſs, be put away from me! Rid me of all guile, and hypocriſie and diſhoneſty: Let it be known by my meek, and humble and charitable temper, that the ſame mind is in me, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus. In vain do I call myſelf Thy Follower, if I tread not in Thy Steps, or do not render good for evil, and ſhew all meekneſs unto all men.

When I am reviled, let me not revile again!

gain! Let there not be any root of bitterness in me! Banish from me base suspicion! Teach me to put a favourable construction on other Mens Actions, and to overcome Evil with Good! Mortifie in me the itch of contradiction! Make me affable, courteous, kind, gentle; and let no provocation sowre that disposition in me! Make me patient and long-suffering, peaceable, and easie to be entreated; give me a Temper that may make me rejoyce in the prosperity of others! Let all Pride and Envy die in me! Let me delight in Works of Mercy, in feeding the Hungry, giving Drink to the Thirsty, Clothing the Naked, visiting the Sick, comforting the Prisoners, counselling the Weak, supporting the Feeble, directing the Erroneous, reproving the Unwary, guiding the Blind, using hospitality to Strangers.

Make me circumspect in my Speeches, that I offend not with my Tongue! Give me presence of Mind upon all occasions, that I may not speak or act rashly to my Neighbours prejudice! O let Thy Love be always before me, that I may have compassion on my Fellow-Servant! O let Thy Blood supple my Heart, that it may melt at the sight of its wants and necessities! O let that Word sound always in mine Ears, That *Though I speak with the Tongue of Angels, and have no Charity, it profits me nothing!* I shall see Thy Charity in the *Sacrament* of Thy *Supper!*

I ſhall ſee what Thou didſt for me, and all the World! I ſhall ſee what inconveniencies Thou didſt endure to procure our Happineſs! I ſhall ſee how Thou didſt deny Thyſelf for our ſakes? I ſhall ſee how Thou didſt not count Thine own Life dear to ſave ours! I ſhall ſee how gentle Thou waſt to Thy Enemies, how Thou prayedſt for them that perſecuted Thee, how Thou didſt bleſs them that did curſe Thee! I ſhall ſee what pains Thou tookeſt, what anguiſh Thou endured'ſt to ſnatch us from Damnation?

O let that Charity prevail with me! O let that Goodneſs produce Bowels of Mercy in me, that, as much as in me lies, I may keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace! Make me willing to decede from mine own Right, for Concords ſake! O root out that baſe ſelfiſhneſs, which makes me ſo careleſs of my Neighbours Good! O Thou Eternal Truth! Thou haſt promiſed to write Thy Laws in my Heart! O write this Law of Love with Thine own Blood, and make the Characters ſo laſting, that nothing may blot them out! O let me love myſelf leſs, that I may love Thee and my Neighbour more! O let the Fire of Thy Love put out the impure Fire of my Luſts and Corruptions! O let that Fire purifie my Soul from thoſe inordinate Paſſions and Deſires, which too often endanger it! Thou art the God that anſwereſt by Fire; Let

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me feel Thy Fire, and the force of it! Let it go through my Soul, and ſcatter Heat through every part, that I may be transformed and changed into Love! Let me love Thee vehemently, ardently, ſuperlatively, conſtantly, and my Neighbor chaſtely, modeſtly, purely, ſincerely, and inviolably! Whatever Thou denieſt me, deny me not this Love! Remember Thy Word unto Thy Servant, in which Thou haſt cauſed me to hope! Thou haſt ſaid, I will give unto him that is a-thirſt, of the Water of Life, freely; O give me this Love, elſe I faint! O ſpare me a little, that I may recover ſtrength, before I go hence, and be ſeen no more! O Thou Spirit of Love, blow upon me, and theſe dry Bones ſhall live! O Jeſu! Come, and live in me; and if Thou, who art Love and Charity itſelf, live in me, I ſhall love all that Thou wouldſt have me love, and be a Monument of Thy Love, and ſhare in Thy everlaſting Love. *Amen.*

Let the King of Heaven hear when I call.

V.

A Prayer for Imitation of the Holy Life, and Example, of Jeſus.

O Thou, who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life! I know Thee, who Thou art, the Son of the living God! Who ſhall

lead me into *Edom!* Who shall bring me into the strong City, into that City which hath Foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God! Wilt not Thou, O Lord, Strong, and Mighty? Hear, O my Soul! Thy Redeemer cal's; *If any Man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my Servant be.* O my Lord! I had need of a Guide in this age, when the World lies in Wickedness? How many ways to Ruine do I see! How many Nets do I see spread for me! What a Snare, are, even, these outward Comforts! How do they entice, and draw the Heart away! O Father of Mercy! How many thousands do I see beguiled by the Riches and Pleasures of this Life! How insensible do they grow of that Life, they are to live for ever! How forgetful of God? How enamoured with the Gauds, and Glories of this World! How does the Beauty of their Souls decay, and wither away! And one teaches the other to go to Hell! O my God! What shall I do among so many Enemies! What shall I do in all this Darkness! What shall I do among all these Precipices! Without Thy Light I must needs be lost! Rise, Rise, Thou Glorious Morning-Star, that I may be able to see my way! Thou that art the Light of the World! He that follows Thee, cannot walk in darkness! Why should I be afraid of going astray? Thou art my way, How can I be deceived!

ved! Thou art Goodneſs itſelf, how can I miſtruſt Thee, when Thou haſt ſpilt Thy Blood for me! Though naturally Thou dwelleſt in a light inacceſſible, yet, of inviſible, Thou becameſt viſible, on purpoſe that I might follow, not the Father of Lies, not *Lucifer*, not that Enemy who transforms himſelf into an Angel of Light, but Thee in whom all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge are. Great Phyſician of Souls! Thou cameſt down to preſcribe me Phyſick, and that I might not be afraid to take it, didſt take it before me, and of God becameſt Man, that I might imitate Thee in the Holineſs of Thy Human Nature!

This is it, O my Lord, that my Soul deſires, even to ſet Thee before mine Eyes, to repreſent Thee in lively Colours before my Mind, and to conform to Thy great Example! O my *Jeſus!* Thy Spirit I want, which may change me into Thy Image from Glory to Glory, from one degree of Brightneſs to another, and enable me to comprehend with all Saints, what is the depth and breadth, and height, and length of the Love of God, and may be filled with the fulneſs of God.

O my God! My Soul longs to ſay with Thy Apoſtle, I live, yet not I, but *Chriſt* lives in me. Once Thou didſt create me after Thy Image, but I defaced it, thoſe curious Lines I darkned, and daſhed, yet Thou

haſt given me hopes to recover that Jewel; and, O my Lord, do Thou place it in its Throne again! How do I long to have my Mind renewed, and my Soul transformed, that I may mind the things of the Spirit with ſincerity and earneſtneſs! Who but a Fool would not tread in Thy ſteps, my deareſt Lord! Yet ſuch a Fool, ſuch a Sott, ſuch a Beaſt I have been! I have ſeen Thee lightning me to Heaven, and yet have loved Darkneſs better than Light! O Thou Eternal Wiſdom! I hate this Folly! I abhor this Stupidity! I will follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goes. The Apoſtles followed Thee, why ſhould not I? Whole Armies of Primitive Believers followed Thee, Why ſhould not I? Why ſhould I come behind them? Why ſhould I have leſs eſteem for Thee, than they had?

My very Name obliges me to follow Thee! What am I a Chriſtian for, if I do not imitate Thee! O let me not blaſpheme that worthy Name whereby I am called! I blaſpheme it, if by my vain Converſation I give Thine Enemies occaſion to ſpeak ill of Thy Religion. Do I call myſelf by Thy Name, and am loth to tread in Thy ſteps! My Heart is ſtubborn! My Will perverſe! O do thou bow it! Make me ready, make me willing, make me expedite for this Work. Thou tookeſt up Thy Croſs, O let me not dream of Beds of Roſes! Thou waſt ſubject to Thy

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Parents, Oh make me ſubmiſſive to my Superiours! Thou didſt reſiſt Temptations, Oh let me not be overcome by them! Thou didſt deſpiſe the World, Oh let me not be enamoured with it! Thou wenteſt about doing good, Oh let me not be backward to works of Charity! Thou didſt deny Thyſelf, O let me not indulge my vain deſires. Thou didſt work while the day did laſt, Oh let me not harden my Heart in this my day! Thou waſt humble, Oh let the ſame humility take root in my Soul! Thou waſt meek, Oh let this meekneſs be the rule of all my Actions! Thou didſt not aim at Vain-Glory, Oh let no ſuch pitiful end defile my Soul! Thou didſt bear with the weak, Oh let me be tender-hearted, and gentle too! Thou didſt patiently endure injuries, Oh let me not fret and murmur under them! Thou waſt faithful in all Thy Fathers Houſe, Oh let me be ſo in the Duties of my Calling, and Relations! Thou didſt receive and embrace the Penitent, Oh let me rejoyce over thoſe who are ſorry for their Faults! Thou didſt encourage Goodneſs and Holy Inclinations! Oh let me cheriſh them, whereſoever I find them! Thou didſt do Thy Fathers Will, Oh let me not pretend impediments! Thou didſt good for evil, Oh let me not recompenſe Sin with Sin! A ſenſe of Gods Goodneſs, was Meat and Drink to Thee, Oh let it be my Diet

too! Thou wast a pattern of Gravity, Oh let me not be vain and fooliſh in my Converſation! Thou didſt ſpend Thyſelf for the good of Mankind, Oh let me not indulge my Eaſe too much! Thou didſt intirely reſign Thyſelf to Thy Fathers pleaſure under the ſevereſt Trials, Oh teach me this Art of Self-reſignation too! Thou waſt zealous for the Houſe of God, Oh let not Lukewarmneſs ſpoil my Soul! Thou waſt not taken with the Pomp and Glory of the World, Oh let me not be gull'd with theſe empty Shows! The Frowns and Contempt of Men could not make Thee weary of being ſtrictly conſcientious, Oh let not theſe pitiful things make me aſhamed of Thee, and Thy Goſpel!

O my Jeſus! Thy Kingdom muſt ſuffer violence, and whoever enters there, muſt force his way through all impediments: And what if I offer violence to my Luſts and Paſſions for a time, How ſweet will it be to lie encircled in Thy Arms one Day, and to hear Thee ſay, *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you!* Thou doſt promiſe me, That if I will fight for Thee, Thou wilt give me to eat of the Tree of Life, and to ſit down with Thee in Thy Kingdom, at Thy Table, and to be a King and a Prieſt for ever; Do I believe this, and ſcruple fighting the good Fight? Do I believe this, and am afraid of the Worlds frowns?

frowns? Do I believe this, and am I ashamed of the Severities Thou calleſt me to? Why ſhould I miſtruſt Thee, when I ſee Thee uſe the ſame mortifications Thou biddeſt me chuſe? If a Soldier ſee his King uſe the ſame Pains, Habit, and hard Fare which the meaneſt Man in the Army uſes, what courage doth it infuſe into him to endure hardſhip and other difficulties, that may attend the various enterprizes he is engaged in?

O my Lord! That very contempt of the World, that Meekneſs and Humility, that ſeverity of Life, that averſion from ſenſual Pleaſures, that enmity to Sin, that hatred of Vanity, that indignation againſt brutiſh Delights, that Sincerity, that Simplicity Thou requireſt of me, Thou didſt obſerve and practiſe, and perform Thyſelf; ſo that Thou layeſt the ſame Burden on my Shoulders that lay on Thine; and if I die with Thee, I ſhall live with Thee too; if I ſuffer with Thee, I ſhall reign with Thee.

O then, I will not tarry! I will make haſte, and conform to Thine Example! I ſhall not fare worſe than my King and Maſter did; and as I have born the Image of the Earthly, ſo I ſhall bear the Image of the Heavenly too. I will walk as my Jeſus walked! O my Lord! Make me Holy, as Thou art Holy; Perfect, as my Father which is in Heaven is Perfect! O my Lord, there

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is no other way to Glory, but by Thee! Thou being exceeding rich becameſt poor to enrich my Soul! Thou cameſt not to do Thine own Will but the Will of him that ſent Thee! Put Thine Arms under me; and I will not do mine own Will: I will follow Thee through Fire and Water; I will follow Thee through Bryars and Thorns, through good Report and evil Report.

O chaſe away all ſlaviſh fear from my Soul! Let me not be afraid of difficulties! What can be difficult, where Thou art both the Guide and the Encourager? Thou canſt not deceive me; Thou canſt not delude me; It muſt be ſo as Thou haſt ſaid: All things are poſſible to him that believes: I'll chuſe ſome hardſhip here, ſo I may reſt in Thy Boſom hereafter; I'll be content to paſs through a dirty way for ſome time, that I may lie down in the green Paſtures of Thy Mercy for ever. The ſight of Thy Croſs in the Holy Sacrament ſhall be my Motive: I'll draw Arguments from that Remembrance of Thy Death, to die to the World. I will travel with Thee; I will ſail through the boiſterous Sea of this Life with Thee: And, O my Jeſus! let me arrive ſafe at laſt in the Everlaſting Harbour. *Amen, Amen.*

A Thanks-

VI.

A Thanksgiving after Receiving of the Lord's *Supper, to be said either at Church, or at Home.*

AND now, What Reward shall I render unto Thee, O Holy, and Blessed, and Incomprehensible Trinity, for all the Benefits I have received at Thy Hands this day! Awake up, my Glory! Awake, my outward, and inward Man! I will sing, and give praise! Whence is it, that so poor a Wretch, as I am, is crowned with all this Mercy and loving Kindness! O my Soul, thou hast been watered this day with the Streams that flow from the Paradise of God! I that was worthy of God's hatred, how have I this day been advanced! What great things hath God done for me! What Honour hath he laid upon me! What Majesty, what Glory hath he conferr'd upon me.

I feel the Fire of God within me! My Heart grows hot within me! I will sing, and give Praise! Who would not praise Thee, that hath seen Thy goings in the Sanctuary, as I have seen them this day! Holy Father, Thou hast this day embraced me! Holy Jesus, Thou hast this day poured out Blessings upon me! Holy Spirit, Thou hast this day

manifeſted Thyſelf unto me! Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hoſts, Thou haſt humbled Thyſelf this day to a dead Dog! O how often have I returned to the Vomit! How often have I gone a whoring from Thee! Yet behold, the Lord, inſtead of the Bread of Affliction, hath given me the Bread which came down from Heaven; inſtead of the Cup of trembling, hath given me the Cup of Salvation! I will remember Thy Name, O Lord, I will ſpeak of Thy wondrous Works.

O my Lord! I ſee Thy hand is not ſhortned, neither is Thy ſtrength abated! Thou, that hadſt mercy on the vileſt Sinners formerly, extendeſt Thy Goodneſs to ſuch miſerable Creatures ſtill! I have drawn Water this day from the Well of Salvation, even from Thy Wounds, O Crucified Redeemer! Thou haſt looked upon this Prodigal this day; Thou haſt run, and fallen on my Neck, and kiſſed my polluted Soul. Oh Honour! Oh Dignity! Oh Compaſſion! Oh Charity! Oh Love! Oh Mercy! Oh Goodneſs! which the Redeemed of the Lord muſt ſpeak of! Even they, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the Enemy, and gathered them out of the Lands, from the *Eaſt*, and from the *Weſt*, from the *North*, and from the *South*; they wandred in the Wilderneſs, in a ſolitary way, they found no City to dwell in; Hungry, and Thirſty, their

their Soul fainted in them; then they cryed unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses, and he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a City of Habitation! O that Men would praise the Lord for his Goodness, and for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men!

Open to me the Gates of Righteousness, I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord. This is the Gate of the Lord, into which the Righteous shall enter; I will praise Thee, for Thou hast heard me, and art become my Salvation. The Stone which the Builders refused, is become the head-Stone of the Corner. This is the Lords doing, and it is marvellous in our Eyes. If I forget Thee, O my *Jesus*! let my Tongue cleave to the roof of my Mouth. Thou hast regarded my Tears; Thou hast taken notice of my Supplication; Thou hast given me my Hearts desire; Thou hast not withheld from me the requests of my Lips! Thou hast given me leave to come to Thine Altar this day, and to lift up my hands towards Thy Holy Oracle! Thou hast fed my Soul this day with Royal Dainties, with Peace and Pardon, with a right to Thy Promises, and offers of Eternal Life, with assistances of Thy Holy Spirit, and the Riches of Grace and Mercy. This is the Food, which the Holy Bread and Wine have represented to me this

this Day, and with this Food Thou haſt Bleſſed my Soul. In this Food will I Glory, of this will I make my boaſt. This is Food for Immortal Spirits! This preſerves Souls through the power of God unto Salvation! This is Bread which fades not away; this is the Wine which may be had without Money, and without Price.

O my God! Thou requireſt no Price, but a wounded Heart! no Gold, no Silver, no Jewel, but an obedient Soul! I bring it, I offer it. I beg Thou would'ſt be pleaſed to accept of it! Thou deſerveſt it; Thou may'ſt challenge it; it's Thine. Thou gaveſt it me, Thy Spirit made it willing: Thy Grace did melt it: Thy Fire burnt away the Droſs: Thy Goodneſs purified it, and Thou wilt cleanſe it more and more. All the Good I have is Thine! From Thee it flows! From Thee it ſprings! Thou conveyeſt it to my Soul. Thou openeſt mine Ears; Thou awakeneſt me, every good Thought I have is Thine; every good inclination, every good reſolution, every good intention is Thine; Thou influenceſt every good action I perform. My praiſe ſhall be of Thee in the great Congregation, I will declare Thy Faithfulneſs and Salvation.

O how good is God to *Iſrael*, even to them, that are of a clean Heart! O make me clean, that I may feel Thy Goodneſs! Thou art my Phyſician, I am Thy Patient; Thou

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art my Father, I am Thy Son; Thou art my Maſter, I am Thy Servant; Thou art my Teacher, I am Thy Diſciple: Thy Spirit is Good, O lead me in the way Everlaſting!

God forbid, that I ſhould glory in any thing, ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt, and him Crucified. O that the World were Crucified to me, and I unto the World! I will rejoyce in Thy Love, my Deareſt Lord! I have ſeen Thy Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs. I ſee what pains Thou takeſt with my Soul to make it happy, to drive away the night of Ignorance from it, and to make me know there is no true Bliſs, no true Comfort but in Thee! Thou teacheſt me to overcome my Spiritual Enemies; Bleſſed be the Lord my ſtrength, which teaches my Hands to War, and my Fingers to Fight, my Goodneſs, and my Fortreſs, my high Tower and my Deliverer, my Shield, and in whom I truſt! Thou preventeſt me with Thy Grace; Thou giveſt me the earneſt of Eternal Glory; by Thy Spirit, I am ſealed unto the day of Redemption! Thou art my paſt, my preſent, and my future, Good! *Let the People praiſe thee, O God, let all the People praiſe thee!* O that all Men might know and love Thee! O that all Mankind might feel Thy Power, and Glory! O Thou who art the chiefeſt among Ten thouſand, the Upright love Thee; and among theſe, I

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the unworthiest of thy Servants presume to love thy Name! Thou hast made me to walk upon mine high places, and in the bitterness of my Soul hast refresh'd my Spirit; Thou hast pardoned, I hope, all my Sins, and blotted out mine iniquities as a thick Cloud. I expect Thou should'st forgive me much, and therefore sure I must love Thee much! Thou hast born my Grief, and carried my Sorrows; Thy Torments have given me ease, Thy Reproaches have procured my Glory, and Thy Misery is the cause of all my Happiness.

Therefore I will put on the Lord *Jesus Christ*: Thou shalt be my Garment, my Crown, my Diadem. I will sing unto Thee as long as I live. I will sing praise unto my God, while I have my Being. My Meditation of Thee shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord! O my Lord! I rejoyce to hear that every Knee bows unto Thee. I would have all the World fall down before Thee, and worship Thee. I rejoyce in all the good things that thou possessest, not that I expect Thou should'st make me partaker of all, but because They are in Thee, and they are Thine, and Thou dost dispense them to Thy Creatures, according to Thy pleasure.

I rejoyce, O Lord, in all the Glorious Gifts Thou hast conferred on the Head of the Church, the Man *Jesus Christ*. I rejoyce

joyce in all the Mercies, Thou haſt beſtowed on the bleſſed Angels, in that Purity and Innocence, in that Brightneſs and Splendor, in that Bliſs and Felicity, they are crowned withal, in their care of Thy People, in their Miniſterial Offices to thoſe that ſhall be Heirs of Salvation. I rejoyce in all the Graces, Thou haſt diſpenſed to Thy Holy Apoſtles, in their miraculous healing of the Sick, in their powerful Preaching, whereby the World was converted, in their Knowledge, and Illumination, in their Zeal and Fervour, in their Patience, and Humility, in their Watchfulneſs, and Heavenly-mindedneſs; for in all theſe I ſee Thy mighty Arm, and Thy ſtrong Hand, and the light of Thy Countenance: And all that they have done, and ſaid, is written for my Learning.

I rejoyce in all the Bleſſings Thy Saints enjoy, in Thy calling them to Thy marvellous Light, in Thy adorning their Souls with ſo many reſplendent Virtues, in Thy honouring of them with the lofty Titles of Children, and Brethren, and Friends, and Kings, and Prieſts; in thy viſiting of them with Thy Salvation, in Thy aſſiſting of them with Thy Power, Thy Spirit, and Thy Influences in their Dangers and Neceſſities; in Thy helping their Infirmities, in Thy purifying of their Souls, in Thy enlivening their Spirits, that they may not be aſhamed

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of the Gospel of *Christ Jesus*; in Thy keeping of them from all Evil, in Thy rescuing of them from Temptations, in Thy giving them a happy Death, and Promise of a Glorious Resurrection. I rejoyce in all Thy Mercies to Poor Sinners, in Thy calling of them to Repentance, in Thy entreating, admonishing, and beseeching of them to be reconciled to God, in Thy forbearing of them, in Thy Patience and Long suffering toward them; in Thy waiting for their Repentance, in Thy adjuring of them by Bowels of Mercy, by the Blood of *Jesus*, by the Wounds of a Crucified Redeemer, by the sweetest Calls, and by the greatest Motives, to Seriousness, and Holiness; in Thy receiving the Penitent, in Thy forgetting all their Unkindnesses, and forgiving the Affronts they have offered unto Thee; in Thy remembring their Sins no more, and drowning them in the depth of the Sea, even in the Blood of the Lamb, which was slain from the Foundation of the World.

I rejoyce in all Thy loving kindnesses to Thy Church, in Thy giving her Thy Word, Thy Ordinances, Thy Sacraments, in Thy making her Thy Bride, Thy Spouse, and Thy Favourite; in Thy Ordaining the Lord *Jesus* to be her Head, her Husband, and her Protector, and Nursing Father.

O Jesu! I rejoyce in Thy Incarnation, in the great Mystery of Godliness, God manifested

ſeſted in the ſleſh, juſtified in the Spirit, ſeen of Angels, preached in the World, believed on by the Gentiles, received up into Glory. I have reaſon to rejoyce in Thy hypoſtatick Union, in Thy being the Prince of Men, and Angels, and in that all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge are in Thee. I rejoyce in Thy ſending the Comforter into the World; in Thy Promiſes, in Thy Offers, in Thy Providences, in the Proviſion Thou haſt made for our Souls and Bodies.

O give me a thankful Heart for my right Shape, for my Health, and Strength, and temporal Advantages; O what a Mercy is it, that Thou haſt cauſed me to be born in the Light, in the true Religion, in a Religion free from notorious Errors, and Superſtitions! How am I beholden to Thee, that Thou haſt kept me from ſo many opportunities of ſinning againſt Thee, from abundance of Temptations, from innumerable occaſions of evil! How many have been ſnatcht away by ſudden death; and I am alive yet! How many have been denied the Grace of Repentance, which Thou ſtill offereſt to me, that I have a Heart to pray and praiſe Thy Name; What a mighty token of Thy Love is this! Let Heaven and Earth praiſe the Lord; let all the Angels in Heaven praiſe Him. Let every thing that

that hath breath, praiſe the Lord; praiſe thou the Lord, O my Soul!

I remember, O Lord, how, when I have gone through the Water, Thou haſt been with me; when I have paſſed through the Fire, Thou haſt commanded the Flames not to kindle upon me; I remember, when for a ſmall moment, Thou haſt hid Thy Face from me; How, with everlaſting Kindneſſes, Thou haſt viſited me again! O how often haſt Thou delivered me from the nethermoſt Hell! when I have been ready to ſink in the Mire Thou haſt pulled me out of the horrible Pit, out of the miry Clay, and ſet my Feet upon a Rock, and eſtabliſhed my goings! When the ſnares of Death have incompaſſed me, and the pains of Hell laid hold on me, Thou haſt delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and my Feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord, in the Land of the Living: What reward ſhall I render unto Thee for all Thy benefits! How loth haſt Thou been to behold my Ruine! How haſt Thou called after me, *Have mercy on thyſelf!* With what convictions haſt Thou followed me! What checks of Conſcience haſt Thou given me! O my Lord! Thou ſhalt have all the Glory, Thou art worthy to receive Bleſſing, and Honour, and Majeſty, and Dominion. How precious are Thy Mercies! How rich Thy loving Kindneſſes! To do ſo much for

for dust and ashes, for a Worm, for a Grashopper, for a Creature that hath abused Thee, and rebelled against Thee; O what Goodness is this! My Understanding is not big enough to comprehend it. I'll acknowledge Thee for my God, I'll own Thee for my Redeemer; Thou shalt be my King, my Master, my Sovereign Lord! I will consecrate all my Labours, all my Services, all I have, and all I am, to Thy Glory! O what a favour is forgiveness of Sin, which I trust I have received this day!

Think, O my Soul, what a bondage thou art delivered from! Think, what a slavery thou art freed from! Now thou art at liberty, now thou may'st serve God chearfully; now thou may'st freely go on from Virtue to Virtue. This is a day of Thanksgiving; this is a day of glad Tidings; this is a day which ought to be remembred; O my Jesus! Thou hast this day visited the Earth, and watered it! Thou hast made it rich with Thy Showres; Thy Grace hath dropped upon me this day, like the Rain on the mowen Grass! O order my Steps according to Thy Word for the future! Let me see Thee in every Mercy! Teach me to admire Thee in every Blessing! Let nothing seduce my Heart from Thee! When any afflictions come upon me, let me receive them with Thanks and Submission! When I stumble, do Thou support me; when I fall,

fall, do Thou raiſe me; when I go aſtray, do Thou ſeek me; when I err, do Thou direct me; when I ſlacken in Thy ſervice, do Thou ſtrengthen me. Keep the Door of my Senſes, that no impure thing may enter there. Let my Heart be thy Temple! Teach me to enquire daily, what progreſs I make in Thy way! Let Thy Word be a Lanthorn to my Feet, and a Light unto my Paths! Let no evil Company diſcourage me! Let Thy Providence direct me to perſons that love Thy Law, and in theſe excellent ones let all my Delight and Comfort be!

O my Lord, my Life is hid in Thee! But when Thy Glory ſhall appear, I ſhall be like Thee! Speak Lord, for Thy Servant hears! Let none of Thy Commandments be hence-forward grievous to me! Open Thy hand and feed my Soul! When I am tempted, lay no more upon me, than I am able to bear! Give me courage to ſtrive to enter in at the ſtrait Gate! Let me ever look at the things which are not ſeen; for the things which are ſeen are Temporal; but the things which are not ſeen are Eternal! Thy Kingdom, Lord, is not in Meat and Drink, but in Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt; Give me a taſte of it! Let Eternity be always in my mind! Into Thy hands I do commend my Spirit, my Body, and all the concerns of

my

my Life! Let Thy Grace come down upon me plentifully! Let me not do Thy Will negligently! Let me live in the thoughts of another Life, and let thoſe Thoughts encourage me to follow after, that I may apprehend that, for which I am alſo apprehended of Chriſt Jeſus! O hear me! O anſwer me! O pity me! O relieve me! O come in! O ſuccour me, Thou that art the God of my Salvation, and my Tongue ſhall talk of Thy Righteouſneſs, all the day long! Let all thoſe that ſeek Thee, rejoyce, and be glad in Thee, and let ſuch as love Thy Salvation, ſay continually, Let God be magnified! I am poor and needy, make haſte unto me, O God! Thou art my Help, and my Deliverer: O Lord, make no tarrying, *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

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